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SASKATCHEWAN



Her Infinite Variety



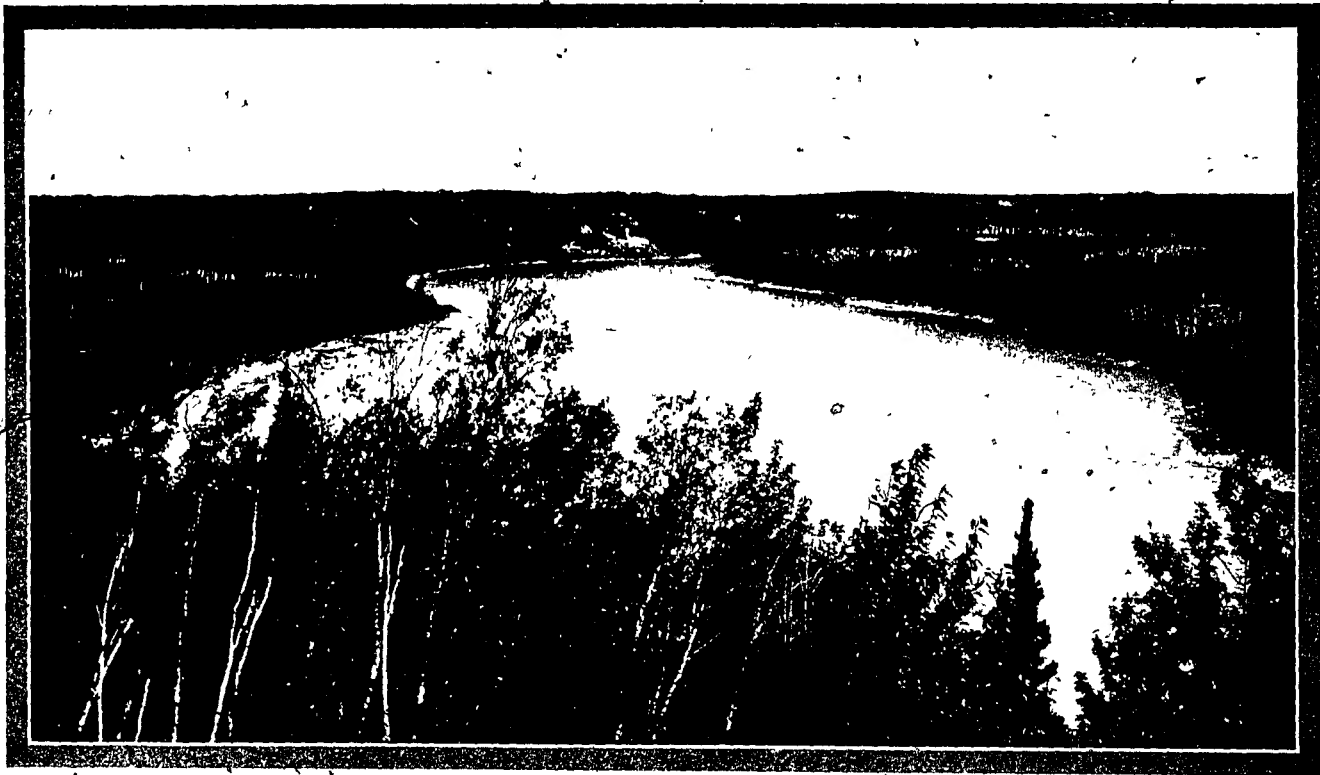
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Authors' Association Pays Its
respects to Debutante Province



(Photo by John Dausley, Prince Albert

The confluence, a few miles from Prince Albert, of the two great branches of the Saskatchewan, that mighty river rolling evermore
towards the Hudson's Bay and the Atlantic Ocean



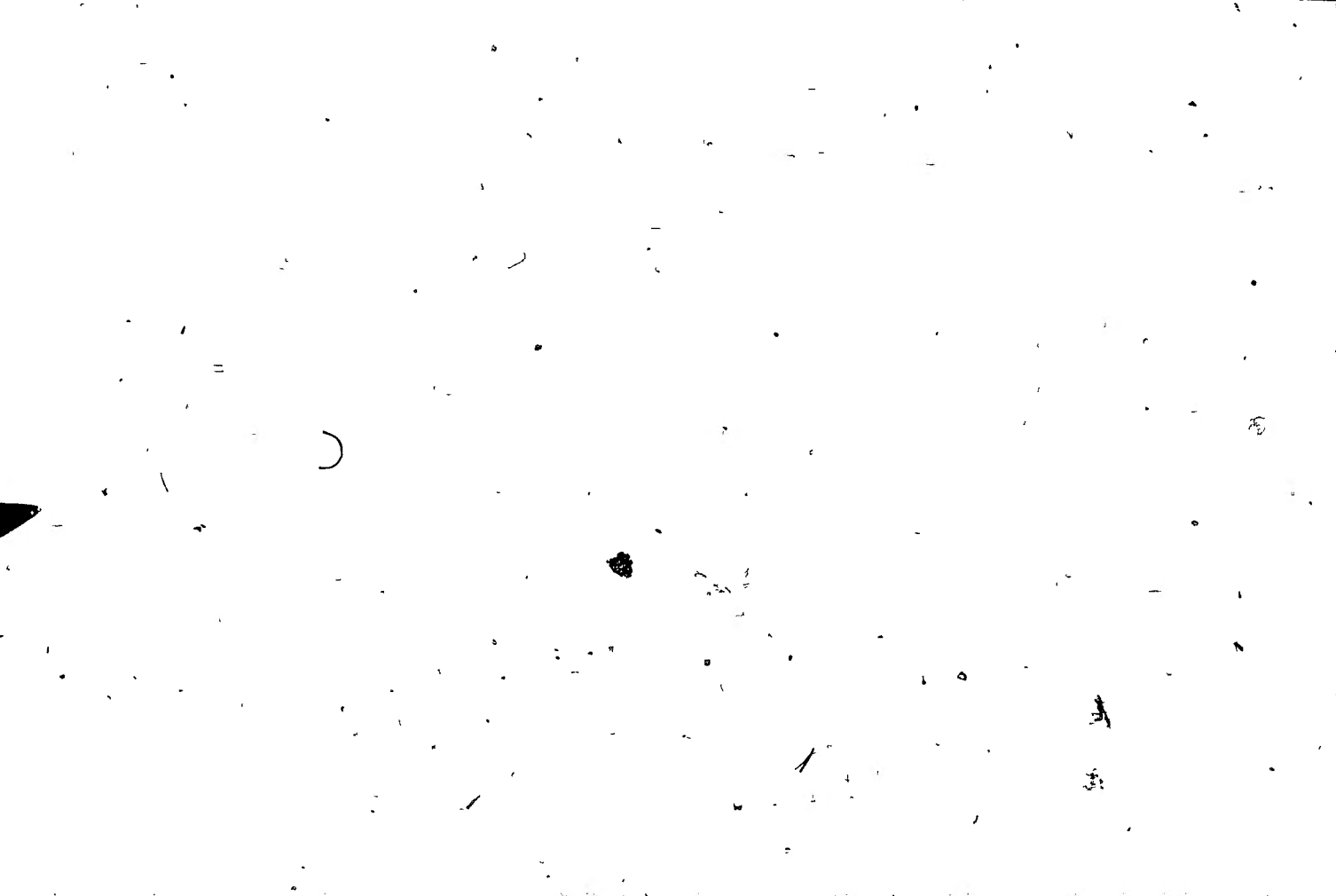
SASKATCHEWAN

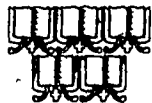


Her Infinite Variety



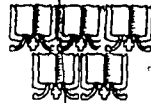
The Authors' Association Pays Its
Respects to Debutante Province





SASKATCHEWAN:

HER INFINITE VARIETY



The Canadian Authors' Association, Saskatchewan Branch, has attempted to paint a portrait of the province which has passed her nineteenth anniversary and is assuming her rightful place among the foremost provinces of the Dominion.

* * * * *

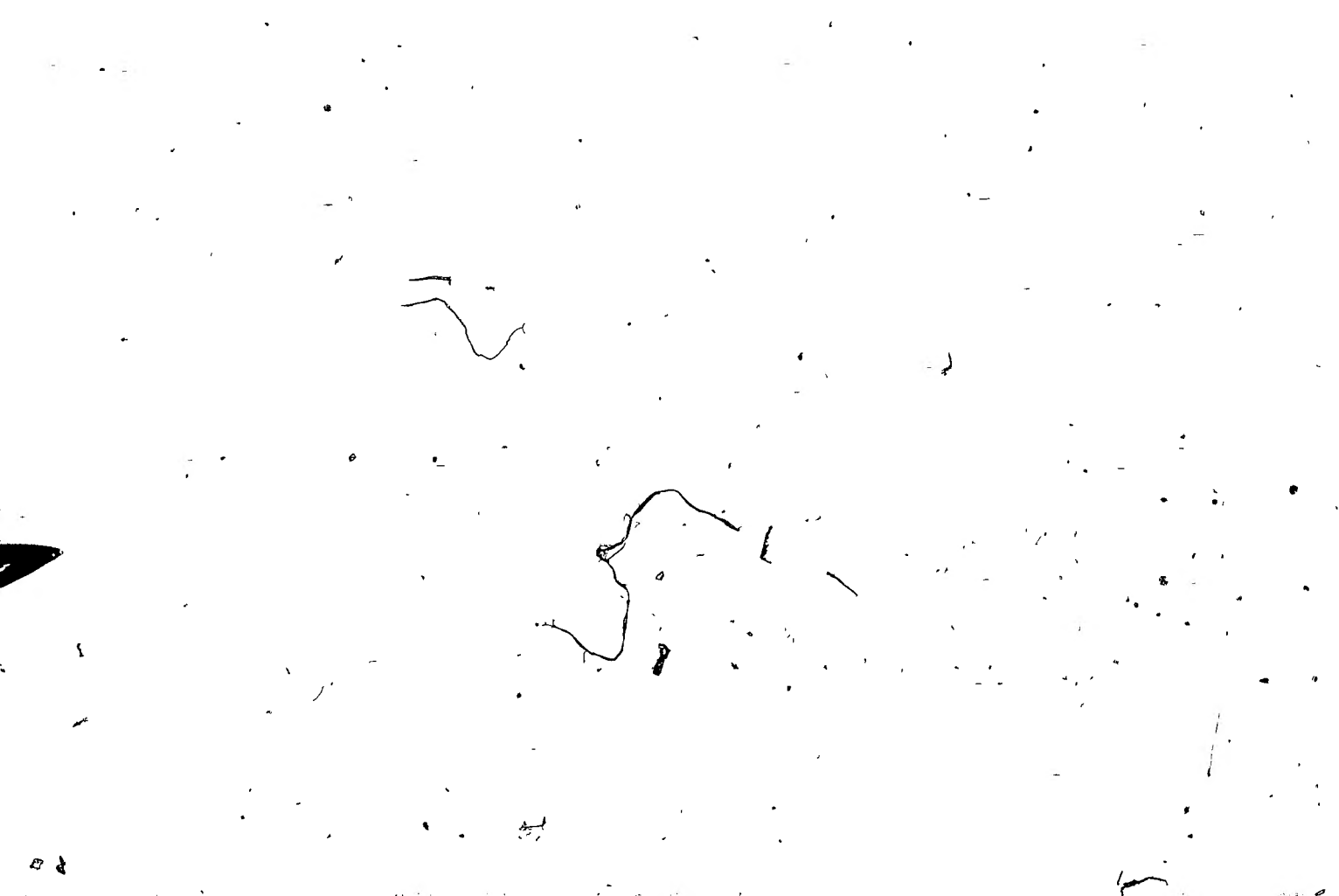
The triangular piece of sculpture which is pictured on the front cover is a striking detail of the Provincial Legislative Building. The photo was furnished by The Townsend Studio, Regina. The sculpture forms the pediment over the main entrance. The large central woman's figure is a poetic conception of the great province with the destiny of which will be intertwined the destinies of many millions.

The figures on her right call up a vision of life on the prairie when the Red-man roamed at will. Here is the Indian brave with his wife and child on one side, on the other his dog and pony and the buffalo which was almost life itself to him.

At the left of the central figure impersonating Saskatchewan is a symbolic group crystallizing in miniature the life of the province of today. The white man, an agriculturist as suggested by the sickle in his hand, has his wife and children near him. His ox, his plow, and some gleanings of wheat are shown and for centuries to come, these will depict the chief industry of the province to which the sculptor has offered a charming possession.

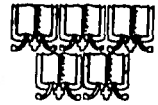
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Grateful acknowledgement is made by the Authors' Association to Randolph Patton, Saskatoon, for his article on the University of Saskatchewan; to Hamilton Butler, Regina, for his article on the co-operative movements of the province; and to all who have contributed articles or photographs





A Foreword By The Premier
The Hon. Charles A. Dunning



NOW and then one wishes for the power of prophesy and that it were humanly possible to project the imagination forward to the time when Saskatchewan's quarter of a million square miles will be inhabited by the full number of people who can be supported here. What surpassing romances of nation-building could be foreshadowed!

But the task the Saskatchewan branch of the Canadian Authors Association has taken in hand is to tell the plain truth about Saskatchewan as it is now. That itself is portraiture demanding an understanding of her many-sided make-up and of her varied moods.

Truthful description, as nearly as the experiences and the craftsmanship of the writers allow for it, is indeed performing a great service for Saskatchewan and I consider that this little volume possesses singular fidelity to facts. To picture a land of perpetual loveliness, a land where inexorable sternness never governed, a land where fadeless pleasures were ready for the enjoying would be to do the province a dis-service, and it would be describing an alien land and not the one of our affections. The harsher features as well as the lovable have been touched upon.

Something of the spiritual aspect of Saskatchewan has been captured in this booklet as well as her visible contours and fleeting expressions. The picture has been drawn by those who have known her through many seasons, rigorous as well as favorable, and who are still enamoured of her.

The lustrous lady who is scarcely conscious yet of her unimaginable natural wealth and whose greatness-to-be is just dawning upon her own mind has had chivalrous champions in the present writers.

The glory of a summer morning on the prairie when the world is flooded with sunlight and the liquid notes of meadowlarks ascend from unseen throats can scarcely be conveyed in words. Much less can the vigor and interest of the years of expansion and development be sketched adequately in a few brief pages.

But the articles in this booklet give an indication of the outstanding characteristics of a province that is moving steadily and swiftly forward to accomplish her great destiny.

CHAS. A. DUNNING



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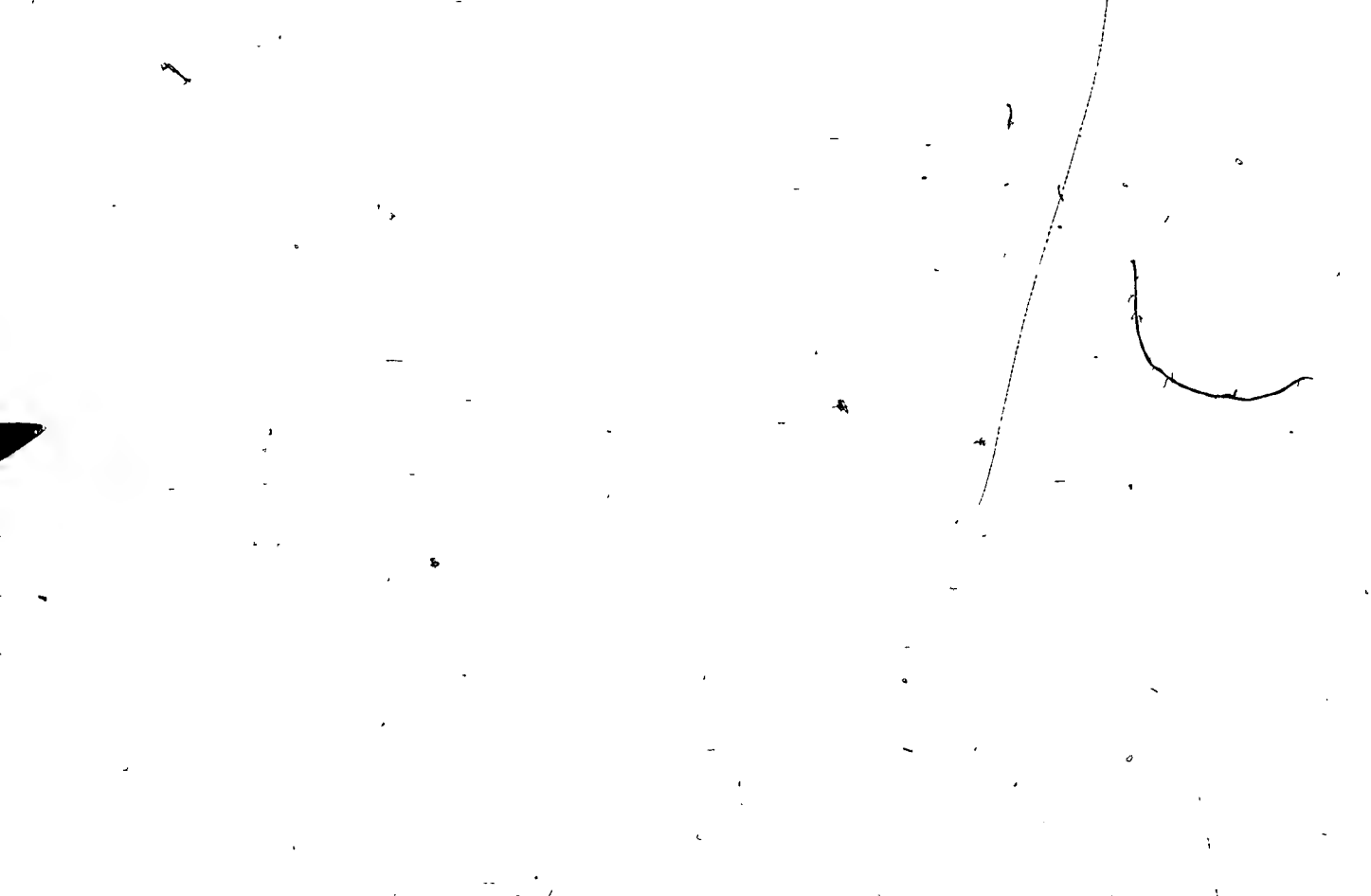
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A scene in the Qu'Appelle Valley, from a Henderson Painting	Autumn Scene Summer's Mellowness Bound Among a Million Sheaves.
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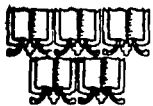




[Photo by courtesy of the Canadian National Railways]

The prairie god surveying the "billowy breadths of golden grain," taken unawares in a scene which is his fit and proper setting—"And everywhere the blue sky belongs to him and the land is his own natural home"





The Canadian Prairies

Rudyard Kipling



I SEE the long grass shake in the sun for leagues
on either hand;

I see a river loop and run about a treeless land;

An empty plain, a steely pond, a distance diamond
clear,

And low, blue naked hills beyond—and what is that
to fear?

Go softly by that riverside, or when you would depart
You'll find its every winding tied and knotted round
your heart;

Be wary as the seasons pass, or you may ne'er outrun
The wind that sets the yellowed sheaves a-shiver in
the sun.

I hear the summer storm outblown—the drip of the
grateful wheat;

I hear the hard trail telephone a far-off horse's feet;

I hear the horns of autumn blow to the wild-fowl
overhead;

And I hear the hush before the snow—and what is that
to dread?

Take heed what spell the lightning weaves, what
charm the echoes shape,

Or bound among a million sheaves your soul may not
escape.

Bar home the door of summer nights, lest those high
planets drown

The memory of near delights in all the longed-for town.

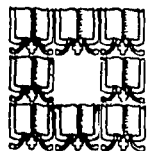
What need have I to long or fear, now friendly I
behold

My faithful seasons robe the year in silver and in gold?

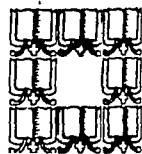
Now I possess and am possessed of the land where I
would be,

And the curve of half earth's generous breast shall
soothe and ravish me.

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*Saskatchewan Offers Racy Existence
To The Self Reliant and Venturesome
With A Fair Chance of Winning Fame*



SUPPOSE Saskatchewan should speak,— what impression would the listener gain about the spirit that animates the province? What would he grasp of the personality which distinguishes it from others?

The present writers have elected themselves to be the province's voice for the time. Their desire is to convey to the reader a truthful picture of this nineteen-years-old member of the confederation, one of the two youngest.

The immensity of Saskatchewan fires the imagination. To hold a quarter of a million square miles in one's thoughts at once can't be done. So for all practical purposes the province has no bars "to circumscribe its dwelling-place." Saskatchewan, though but one province of the Dominion, is larger than all the provinces together of any European country except Russia.

Saskatchewan thrills by its generous dimensions. It is the sensation of not having enough elbow-room that makes one hate the thought of coffins. Nowhere

above ground in the prairie provinces does one get the disagreeable feeling of being cramped for room. One who went from this continent to France wrote, "So compactly settled is France that if one person gets displaced it is a problem where to put him." Should a Canadian get displaced, there are twenty-five million acres yet of fertile soil in Saskatchewan on which he may make himself at home. The rest of the province is not crowded either. Three persons to the square mile is the average.

"Provincial" as a term of reproach loses all its force when used in Saskatchewan. To be provincially famed here means to be known over an area greater than twice that of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales combined. No writer, artist or scientist need scorn a provincial reputation here in the days when the settlers have all come and the resources are all being cultivated.

Just the other day a writer on a western paper told of having been on an Ontario train and hearing

two Nova Scotia boys getting acquainted. The younger one observed that he had never been further west than Fort William. His companion remarked largely that he had. "I was once up as far as Saskatchewan," he said, "and I can tell you right now there is nothing west of Fort William. I was never so disgusted in my life. All through Manitoba and Saskatchewan, nothing but land, land, land. It's awful."

The newspaper-person's comment was: "Nothing but land! Nothing but gardens of the desert! Nothing but trails that ride straight on and on to the rim of the world. Nothing but long rivers, whose twistings fetter the hearts of those who know them. Nothing but the kingdom of the prairies!"

Figures may carry some glimmering appreciation of the vastness of the province and suggest the complexity life here may reach when all the millions have arrived. But the actual magnitude of the "land, land, land" of the southern half, and the forests, lakes and mineral wealth of the northern cannot be conveyed by however impressive lists. Statistics mumbled glibly have nothing to do with the case. Gypsies and Indians have the right idea about making their own explorations for the delight of knowing areas and their sights and sounds and fragrances at first hand.

Suffice it to say that here indeed is room, and occasion in plenty for contrasting "the feebleness and transitoriness of human endeavor and power with the vast and persistent forces of time and nature." Steeped in eternal beauty are the prairies, but the beauty is as often of forces "tameless and swift and proud" as of the suave, the familiar, the well-ordered.

The province is trim as a die. The 49th parallel as line-fence between us and Uncle Sam; the 60th parallel between us and the great white north; the second and fourth lines of longitude, (with an extra reef of territory along the east), these form the contours.

As for livability,—Christiana, the capital of Norway, and Leningrad, the capital of Russia, are on the 60th parallel, even with the topmost north of Saskatchewan; and Edinburgh, Scotland, is further north than any settled part of Saskatchewan.

The mineral wealth of the northern part of the province is an incompletely told story yet. That a great belt of territory there is rich in copper and iron and the precious metals has been established. With the completion of the Road To The Bay and the creation of easier and less costly ways of getting into Northern Saskatchewan venturesome ones will turn up from God knows what corners of the earth to enter the solitudes.

The Road To The Bay is expected to determine the main trend of prairie travel leading as it will to tide-water by the shortest route, and after the trunk line is completed branches will feel their way just naturally towards it or from it. Caravanning expeditions, too, may be made from the line of steel off into the regions of best promise. But as yet the great natural resources of the north almost literally are untouched.

Already manufacturing industries have won a foothold, and given time to encourage and develop these, more varied will become life on the prairies. The pastoral and agricultural may always out-number other classes of society, but as the years pass more and more self-contained will the province grow, and places will be made for the home-born even though their tastes and talents are not related to the soil.

In the southern part of the province already the industry of brick-making is coming along, and the extent to which it may grow is incalculable. At one point alone an expert has pronounced there is enough clay in sight to permit of the manufacture of 50,000 bricks a day for 200 years, which seems to fix that neighborhood up with building material for a while.

The Laurentian Shield covering two-thirds of the N.W.T., and one-third of Saskatchewan (as well as

large fractions of the three provinces next east) is rich in minerals of every kind. Three per cent. of the Laurentian Shield is in the U.S.A. and from this fraction of the Laurentian hidden treasures the Americans have won millions. Canadians have no reason for being timorous about developing the other 97 per cent. As yet they may revel in the comfortable feeling of possessing great reserves.

In the north, too, are immeasurable expanses of spruce, tamarack, jack-pine, poplar and birch,— miles upon miles of woodland and lake where human foot seldom treads beyond that of the S.P.P., trapper, or government surveyor. A visitor to the fringe of the deep fastnesses thrills with the unspeakable beauty of such sights as that of elk or moose, caribou or bear coming from the forests down to the water's edge in the early morning of a day when the air is like ravelled gold.

With few or many millions of people, Saskatchewan will never be a land of weaklings. Invertebrates naturally shy away. Prairie winters are not of the kind to allure the temperamentally listless, the feeble and the diseased.

Thirty below means now just what it did on a stormy day in '83 when Nicholas Flood Davin wrote: "On such a day biliousness is a thing disproved and

dyspepsia dies like a thing unclean; a snowy wind going at 80 miles an hour would give a Death's head a complexion and make a delicate stomach regard sheet-iron beefsteak as sweet-bread."

Valetudinarians will never assemble on the banks of the Saskatchewan, nor the Churchill, nor yet around Lake Athabasca. A sturdy individualism may always be looked for in the men and women of the province. The climate sees to that.

Nineteen times since Saskatchewan came into official existence as a province summer has returned with its honey-colored days and its star-dusty nights. The raciness of the autumnal air has given place as often to the penetrating winds of winter sweeping through the valleys and over the leagues of snow-blanketed prairie. The harshness of each winter has melted into the pale green translucence of May mornings. While these seasons have flitted past a transformation has taken place on one hundred million acres of the province.

"Youth is divine," declared Disraeli. Here in Saskatchewan instead of any twilight of the gods it is the resplendent years of youth that are being lived. Just as a country's interests and history transcend an individual's, so youthfulness in a country is many times more divine a thing than youth in man or woman.

Saskatchewan is in the morning of its day and in the spring-time of its history. What wonder if those who are shaping its destinies at the same time as they shape their own grow infatuated with the land however severe the hardships they experience!

Tragedy slinking through all the world, and making itself at home wherever adventure and lure of gold leads mortal men, has marked for its own many a settler who was unequal to the demands, or who fought against unequal odds while trying to carve out a fortune in the new land.

The God's truth it is too, that some of the ignorant, the greedy and the crabbed ones of earth have found their way to Saskatchewan. W. B. Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire" is the only known realm—

"Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue
And where kind words bring no captivity."

But it is true, also, that in Saskatchewan life does not press so heavily as in lands where dead ambitions are thicklier strewn. Nervous intensity has not shown its hatchet face. For every cup of melancholy here there are many champagne glasses of hope and opportunity; and, glory be, there is no weight of ancient custom or out-worn creed bearing down on young lives.

No old resentments are native to the soil, and the west is too remote from "ancestral voices prophesying war" even to hear them. The west is kind to those who have sound practical plans for her furtherance and their own.

There is wide room for Everyman to try out his theories with slight discomfort to others. The unsound or unhealthful theories have a way of getting dissipated. A few prairie sunrises, great flaming splendors "such as creation's dawn beheld,"—and the theorist willingly comes down to earth, and he finds scope for all his energies.

Suppose Saskatchewan should speak! In resonant tones she would invite to her spacious fertile areas the self-reliant of jaded, crowded lands. She would promise a racy, brave, many colored life to the hundreds of thousands who live on God knows what in places where the population is counted so many to the square yard instead of so many to the square mile.

She would make the tempting offer of a chance to help in the creation of a society deserving of admiration in a province of incomparable advantages. It would be made clear, of course, that an unresourceful type of settler would find himself thrown out of countenance as likely as not by the first hail-storm that

levelled his growing crop, or by the first winter's loneliness that undermined his self-esteem.

Saskatchewan's dominant characteristic is her elemental nature. Those who live in her cities and towns are fewer than 30 out of 100. For the other 70 or more their homes are on farm or ranch or trapper's range. And the average farm is one mile square.

The neighbors being so far away, borrowing is reduced to the vanishing point, and vagabondia has no votaries. It even becomes second nature to court favor of all-comers and allure them to one's home. The graces of hospitality are cultivated, not so much perhaps for aesthetic or ethical reasons as in self-defence against getting cut off from the main currents of life and finding oneself living à la Crusoe.

Even then, the most successful at bringing friends to their door have need to be on affectionate terms with twinkling blue waters that laugh all day when skies are cloudless; with the bluffs that with a suddenness in the spring break into thin green flame; with the planet-powdered floors of night; with the smouldering fires of sunset; and with the unbroken silence of snowy winter days; but chiefly with the dazzling blue sky that reaches from sun-up to sun-down, with silly soft white clouds sitting on windless days all around the rim in shapes of fat, light loaves and buns, the

buns always nearest the horizon rim and the loaves just above them. The first litterateur of the west spoke of prairie skies, "strewn with soft white pillows tier on tier." Pillows or bread loaves, they are adorable visions and delectable to eyes that have been accustomed to the harsh fabrics and severe contours of walls and roofs and chimney stacks, and they make up to the homesteader for a lot of little things he lacks.

Suppose Saskatchewan should speak!. She would surely have something to say about the delights of helping transform a wilderness into a land where millions will find it possible to establish themselves and carve out their destinies along whatever patterns seem to them the most greatly to be desired.

The new land gives assurance of the joys of being independent to the venturesome from crowded countries who have the capital and the skill to set up industrial concerns; and to those who know Nature's ways well enough to trust themselves to make a living farming, mining, trapping, fishing, or lumbering.

The untouched materials are in Saskatchewan. The men and women who are cramped in their surroundings and fighting for the chance to prove their powers in the face of too much rivalry are on other continents. The province can afford to bide its time,

knowing that its advantages cannot long be unfamiliar to up and coming people in any cultivated land.

One knows that a limit must some day come to the attractive areas open to the overflow of population from lands already grown crowded. So no impatience need be shown about filling up the territories which are now play-grounds of wild animals.

Saskatchewan need not dim the brilliance of her prospects by courting alliance with settlers whose standards of living are lower than those of her own people or of the people in the other provinces.

But mutual advantage would be derived by the coming of men of ambition and imagination enough to take pride in helping enhance the fame of a great province, whose geographical position and whose varied wealth and possibilities may yet give her the dominating place in the Dominion.

There's an old saying that a man achieves an extra soul with each new language he masters. New intellectual life is given by using the powers of expressing the stirrings of life already felt. This suggests the line along which a body of people may act with fine results for the enrichment of all.

It looks as though it is for the men and women of Saskatchewan to spend time seriously considering

what are their most consequential desires for the province. Next comes the reasonable demand to spend time liberally in cultivating the art of giving expression to those desires. Back of that is the need to work consistently towards transforming the desires into reality. The work deserves, of course, the clearest thinkers and the most far-sighted in the province. On no account should it be relegated to adventurers and fly-by-nights, and not even to the brood of those who make a profession of drumming the public together in any province where the gullible are and declaiming to them what their purposes should be.

Saskatchewan's own native residents along with those who are staking their future on the province's may well determine what her future should be. When her destiny as an individual province is outlined and the place she may expect to reach within the Dominion by legitimate exertion; and when these purposes are given expression with such genius as to appeal to all who read, and all who discuss public affairs,—then only will the good ship Saskatchewan make directly for her destined harbor with the treasures in her hold least wasted and damaged.

It may be Saskatchewan's glory to help evolve ways of being governed with the greatest equality of justice and the smallest burden of taxation. Perhaps

it will be Saskatchewan's proud boast to claim the greatest proportion of men and women trained to perform their fair share of necessary labor and to utilize their leisure along the lines of creative arts and crafts, each according to his bent.

The signs all point to the province being able all her life long to keep her head from being turned by any sudden flush of fortune. For generations to come there will be heard reverberating along the valleys of the North and the South Saskatchewan echoes of the spirit and hardihood of the early settlers.

For other centuries there will be influences reverberating from the lives of the pioneers who are still to push back the frontiers of civilization far beyond the Churchill. And when the work of all the colonizers belongs to a dim past Saskatchewan's hinterland away up there in the north will offer still fresh forces to subdue.

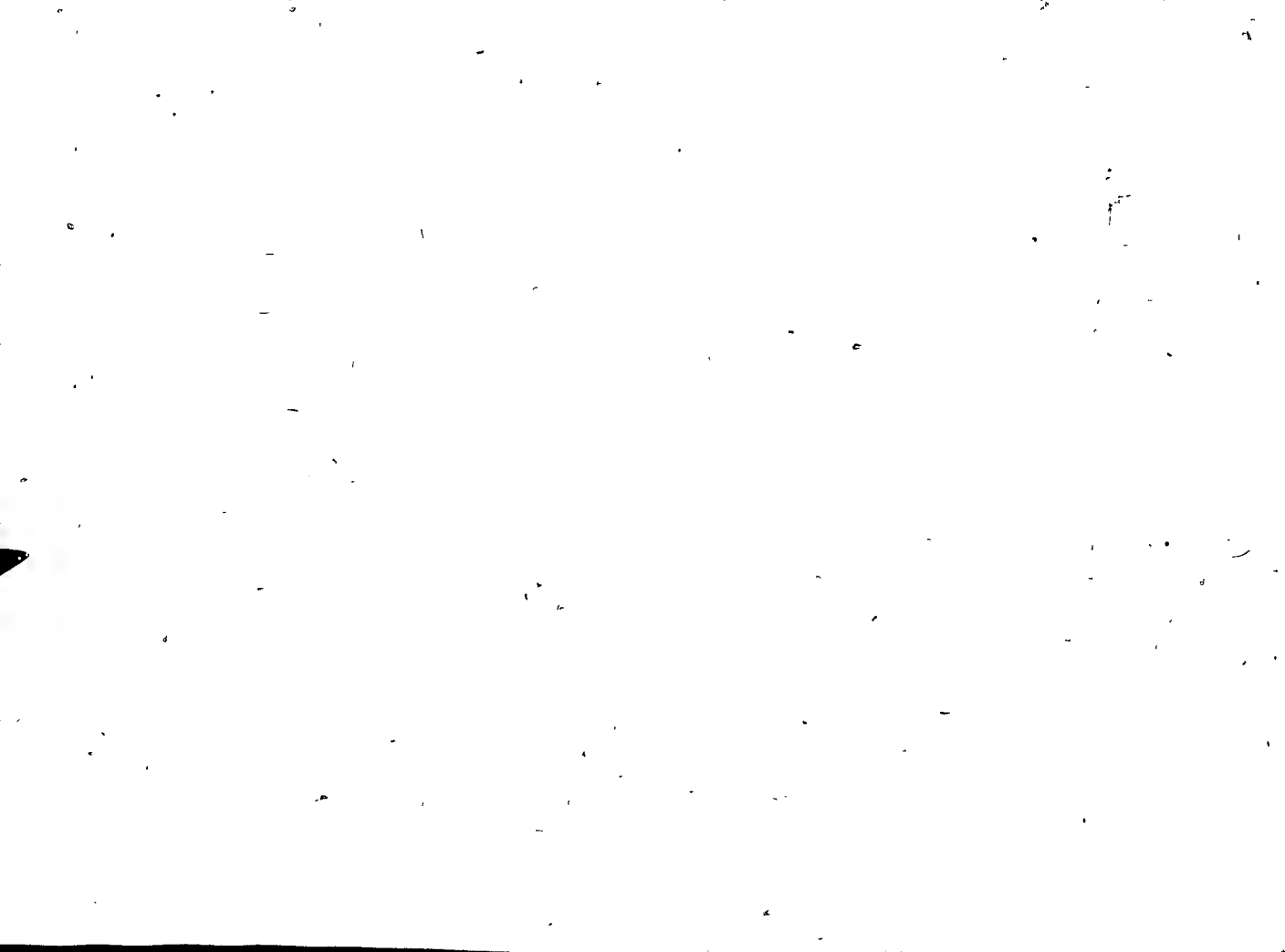
One fervently hopes native good sense and sound education may preserve the moneyed people from displays of extravagance and ostentatious indulgence, and that the infinitely starred night skies of incomparable Saskatchewan may always brood everywhere over scenes of peace and plenty.

The voice of Saskatchewan seems to be calling to her thinking people and her writing people to make



[Photo by W. L. West, Regina]

The loveliness of the Qu'Appelle Valley in the Autumn has been captured by Jas. Henderson, historic and legendary values as well as pictorial ones cluster about this charming river that loops and runs across the earliest settled part of the province



sure that her riches of spirit and intellect as well as her riches of natural resources may be saved from waste by lack of cultivation. Nor would she have either form of wealth exploited by self-seeking men.

She is urging her people to make life on the prairie consonant with liberality and tolerance, and to encourage the development of all creative gifts, that life in the immediate present may hold the utmost of satisfaction and that perchance the ultimate flowering of genius in at least a few instances may lend to

Saskatchewan's name lustre that will flash far through the years.

One is concerned most of all that there may be writers whose books will deserve to live by virtue of new literary beauty caught in their pages. It must be recognized that through the poets' and novelists' forms of expression as well as through the more universal forms of husbandry and commerce and household arts will be cultivated the complete personality the Authors' Association desires for Saskatchewan.

He Laked Westerners

From Lord Minto's diary, an excerpt, dated September 21, 1904, is taken for quoting here. While he was governor-general Lord Minto travelled 113,000 miles in Canada. It was just a few miles west of Saskatoon, beside the North Saskatchewan, during a long trip in the saddle, which was to end next day at what is now the University City, that he wrote.

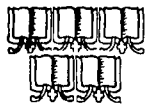
"Struck camp for the last time—in all probability my last camp on the prairie. Such a pretty place on the banks of the North Saskatchewan! Last night brilliant moonlight, a couple of coyotes speaking to each other not far off, and the rush of a flight of ducks over my tent about midnight.

"It is a dreadful pang leaving it all. The population of these parts is entirely Old Country. It is curious to find refined ladies and gentlemen in this rough, western life. But they are splendid, full of ideas and energy, and the more I see them the more I admire the vanguard of the best of our people—and the more I dislike the self-satisfied luxury of home. The people of the Far West—the Indians, the Mounted Police—are generally far better fellows."

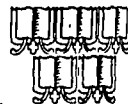
Harvest Time

Pillowed and hushed on the silent plain,
Wrapped in her mantle of golden grain,
Wearied of pleasuring weeks away,
Summer is lying asleep today
Where winds come sweet from the wild rose briers
And the smoke of the far-off prairie fires.
Yellow her hair as the golden rod,
And brown her cheeks as the prairie sod;
Purple her eyes as the mists that dream
At the edge of some laggard sun-drowned stream;
But over their depths the lashes sweep,
For summer is lying today asleep
The north wind kisses her rosy mouth,
His rival frowns in the far-off south,
And comes caressing her sunburnt cheek,
And summer awakes for one short week—
Awakes and gathers her wealth of grain,
Then sleeps and dreams for a year again.

—E. Pauline Johnson.



Our Hats Are Off to the Pioneers, the Makers of the Real Saskatchewan



A COUPLE who recently celebrated their golden wedding came to Saskatchewan in 1882. They drove from Brandon, then the westerly terminus of the railway, in ox carts and they took up land north of Regina. Asked to tell of their experiences, they said, "We never had any startling experiences; all that happened to us happened to the average pioneer."

No startling experiences! But surely there is an interesting story in all that happened to them and that happened to the average pioneer.

In the long years (or were they short?) the sterling old pioneer must have learned many new things about his job of growing wheat. When and how did he learn them? His wife for whom it was not a startling experience to bear all her children without medical aid and bring seven of them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord looking back on all the privations, toil and hardship of the early days of struggle has been heard to sigh and say, "Those were the happy days!"

Life indeed was not without alleviations. There was the home life always and a pleasant community life—

a kindly, gracious hospitality that asked no return. The pioneers were sustained by a never faltering faith in themselves, in the land. Hope sprang eternal, and contrary to Pope's dictum, they were always being blest with health, with real worth-while work, a promising family, congenial neighbors. At length faith and hope alike were rewarded, success crowned their work and they have retired with a competence, able to go to Victoria for the winter, respected by all who know them.

Forty years of toil—but not in vain, for they have seen the spot where there were a few tents when they arrived become the busy and surprisingly fair city of Regina; the province which was the great lone land become a well settled, orderly community, in wealth third among the provinces, and first when an appeal is made to its boundless generosity, its tireless benevolence.

This amazing development is due to the labor and the perseverance, through the lean years and numberless discouragements, of people like this old couple from Prince Albert to Milestone and from Fleming

to Gull Lake, all, (or most, anyway), decent, honest industrious people doing the day's work without any fuss, hopeful always of better things in the future, quietly determined to progress and successfully bringing about what they desired. Such is the real Saskatchewan, where work is an eternal verity and faith and confidence in a more splendid future imbues all who are proud to live in the freedom of its wide spaces.

In an editorial in the *Regina Leader*, late in the fall of 1924, the following tribute was paid to the memory of Thomas Kavanagh, the earliest homesteader in Saskatchewan:

"Oldtimers in Saskatchewan may be declined as old, older, oldest. Anyone who arrived in what is now the Province of Saskatchewan before 1890 should be entitled to be called an oldtimer. Anyone who trailed his ox-cart into Saskatchewan before 1880 obviously is an older-timer. Oldest-timers are those who came in before 1870. One of these died this week at the ripe age of eighty-three.

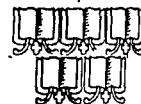
"Thomas Kavanagh's life story is worth repeating. As a young boy he was taken by his parents from Ireland to the United States. At that time sailing vessels still controlled ocean traffic. At the outbreak of the war of the States in 1861, young Kavanagh

joined the Union Army; fought for four years and was mustered out at the end of the war a sergeant-major. Coming to Canada in 1868, Mr. Kavanagh filed the first application that was made for a homestead in Saskatchewan. That was east of Fort Qu'Appelle, where he spent fifty-six years of his life. At various times he was a councillor and reeve of the municipality and filled many other public positions. When the end of a long and useful life came he was buried among the hills and streams of his adopted province.

Very few of our oldtimers and still fewer of our oldest-timers were "leaners." When these men came west there was nothing here but limitless prairie and unlimited opportunity. That was all they asked, all they expected to find, all they required to make an honest living by honest toil. They were sprung from splendid stock. They did not stain it by whimpering when times were hard. All times were hard in Saskatchewan in the years of last century. There would be no Saskatchewan today if the men who came into it in the seventies and eighties of last century had whined and quit. They stuck it out, and smoothed the path for those who came after them. Their lives should be an inspiration to the present and future generations—a bulwark against despair and discontent, when the skies are momentarily overcast.



*The Loved and Lovely Valley Which
The White Man Calls Qu'Appelle*



IN the springtime leave the city,
Leave the city far behind you,
Take the road that leads you northward,
Leads you northward to the valley,
To the valley where the water
Gleams and glistens in the sunlight;
To the valley white with blossoms,
Blossoms white of haw and cherry,
Saskatoon and sweet chokecherry;
To the valley where the wild rose
Fills the air with sweetest fragrance
Where the pink wild rose is blooming
In ravine and by the roadside;
Where the redwinged blackbird singing
Notes of love among the rushes
Makes us long that love and springtime
Might forever with us linger.

In the summer leave the city,
Leave the city far behind you,—
Take the road that leads you northward,
Leads you northward to the valley,

To the green and lovely valley,
To the valley where the breezes
Cover all the lakes with whitecaps,
Whitecaps foamy, laughing, dancing,
Chasing fast behind each other,
Breaking on the sandy beaches,
Filling all the air with coolness,
Driving from our hearts all sadness,
From our brain all cares and worries.
Friendly are these whitecaps dancing,
Dancing, laughing in the sunlight
Calling to us, "Plunge within us,
In our cool depths deeply diving,
Washing off the soil of cities
Washing out the little worries
From the heart and brain within you."

In the autumn leave the city,
Leave the city far behind you,—
Take the road that leads you northward,
Leads you northward to the valley,
Leads you northward by the wheatfields,

By the wheatfields gleaming golden,
Waving golden in the sunlight;
By the yellow cheerful daisies
And the fireweed's purple patches,
Golden rod and autumn roses
All along the roadside growing;
Northward to that lovely valley
In whose bosom lie the four lakes
Glittering blue in autumn sunshine,
Where the wild ducks flock in thousands
Ere the frost of winter coming
Locks the lakes in prisons icy;
Where the pelican so stately
Near the farther shore is floating
Like a sailboat in the distance
Blown by languid summer breezes,
Or above the water flying
Wings his way, majestic, graceful
Up and down the gorgeous valley
Where the trees their colors changing
Clothe themselves in brightest raiment,
Orange, red, brown, green and yellow,—
All the hills with color glowing;
All the lakes the glow reflecting.

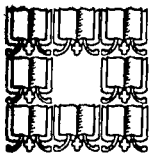
But the valley so delightful
Is not always bright with sunshine,
Is not always decked with flowers:
Days are sometimes all of dulness;
Dull the leaden skies above us,
Dull and grey the water round us;
And the west wind sighing softly,
Sighing softly through the rushes,
Seems to speak of winter coming
Coming with its snow and silence.
But we still can see the beauty,
See the beauty of the shadow,
Feel the comfort of the soft wind
Blowing moist from off the water
Oh, how pleasant then to wander,
Wander through the marshy pathways,
Hear the music of the west wind
Gently through the branches blowing;
See the partridge, bright eyed, stealthy,
Scurry swiftly through the bushes;
Hear him in the distance drumming;
See the gray bush rabbits bounding
On the shady windy pathways,
Pathways made by generations
Of the woodland creatures passing
To and fro among the bushes;

See the chipmunk and the gray squirrel
Flitting up and over branches
Chattering gaily to their playmates,
Chattering to their playmates, saying
"Oh, how pleasant is this weather."

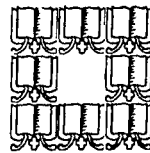
And when dull and grey the weather
In a boat upon the river
It is sweet to rest, day-dreaming,
Letting trouble, care and heartache—
Fade from out our minds and vanish,
While of yesterdays we're dreaming,
Happy days our memory treasures;
Or of happy morrows dreaming
Which kind fortune yet may bring us.
While we float upon the river,
While our boat is idly drifting
By the shore with rushes hidden
With the leaden sky above us,
With the sullen water round us,
We are happy in the valley
In the valley—loved and lovely.

In the winter in the city,
In the city by our fireside,
Sitting by our cheery hearthside
How our memory loves to travel,
Travel back to days of springtime,
Days of springtime, summer, autumn
When we climbed the grassy hillside,
When we dreamed upon the river;
When within the cool waves plunging
All our cares went unremembered!
On the floor quite, quite forgotten
Falls the book of tales so thrilling
While we gaze into the firelight
Seeing there the autumn sunset,
Seeing there the springtime blossoms,
Seeing there the summer flowers,
Longing for the early springtime
When we leave the busy city,
Leave the city far behind us,
Take the trail that leads us northward,
Northward to the lovely valley
Which the Cree has named Ketepwa
And the white man calls Qu'Appelle.

—VIOLETTE GRAHAM.



Tale of Magic Wheat Expansion
Equals Supremest Among Romances—
Autumn Glories on The Prairie



NOT the volumes of romance, nor of history, nor of legerdemain contain pages more absorbing than the story of Saskatchewan's wheat. A handful of wheat possesses something of the marvellous from the fact of its wonderful hold on life. Sealed away for twenty years it is still unspoiled as food and it still has the vitality to bring forth its imperishable kind.

The beauty of a mile of growing wheat is something of which to dream. Like friendly personalities seen, these trim stalks, heavy-headed, all bending gracefully as a zephyr skims over. "Shall not loveliness be loved forever?" And what have mortal eyes beheld more lovely than the wheat fields of encircling vastness when to the swaying of the wheat-heads is added the still softer motion of sun-dappled shadows of filmy clouds?

Saskatchewan wheat! One of the supreme things in all history of expansion is the story of the wheat fields of this province. What the agriculturists have accomplished quite pales the art of magicians.

Fifty years ago not even Manitoba was heard of as raising any grain, and Ontario was raising 85 per cent. of all the wheat in Canada. In 1880, Manitoba was given credit for 3 per cent. of the wheat of Canada. By 1890, Ontario had fallen to 50 per cent. of the whole, Manitoba had reached up to 38 per cent. and the North-West Territories had 4 per cent. of all; with the same thing in 1900, except that the North-West Territories made it 8 per cent. then.

All of a sudden at the end of 1910 Saskatchewan came in with 51 per cent. of that year's total wheat in Canada, Manitoba coming next with 26 per cent. and Ontario raising 15 per cent. In 1917, Saskatchewan raised 56 per cent. of the wheat; Alberta 20 per cent.; Manitoba, 16; and Ontario, 5. So that in less than thirty years, from having only an interest in the North-West Territories' 4 per cent. of the grain, Saskatchewan reached out and cultivated more than all the other provinces of Canada together.

The temptation to insert a paragraph, a small news item from the *Humboldt Journal*, is not to be resisted, the lines are so undeniably of the flesh and blood of the province, and form so typical a purple passage in the living epic of the wheat.

Mr Fred Weiers was one of the first to commence threshing in the Fulda district, north-west of Humboldt. One field which he threshed first averaged 45 bushels to the acre, and weighed 65 pounds to the bushel. The wheat was marketed at Dixon siding, being the first received there this season.

So much for the practical side of wheat raising. The aesthetic and the philosophic phases of the grain grower's experiences are sketched by Bert Huffman, Langdon:

Over all and through all the mingled experiences which fall to the farmer's lot, like a white thread running through a crystal jewel, there runs the endless, eternal thread of human hope and contentment.

Autumn and winter and spring and summer—all pour out their glories at our feet, all bring to us their multiple experiences with which we build a finished life.

Ripening fields of wheat, golden sunflowers, silver leaves—all these add flame and color and rose madder-

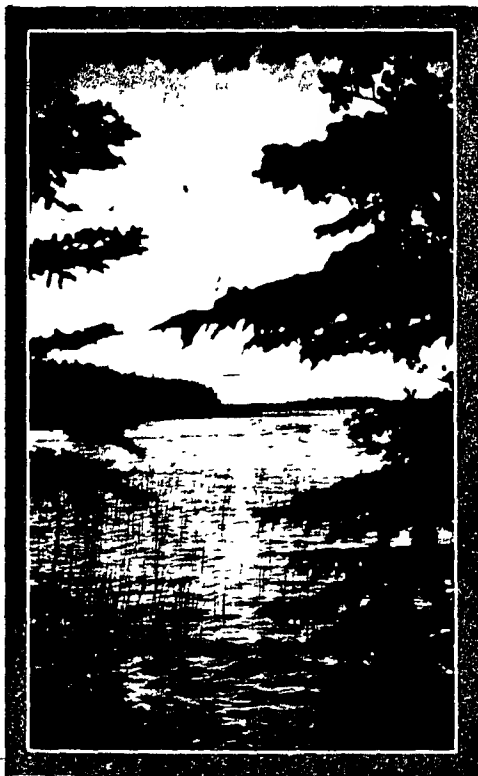
tint to our souls—all these build up the fragile temples of our lives

Lantern light and starlight, full moon and flaming Mars; silence of the autumn night and fragrance of the autumn morning: the early whistle of the thresher engine and the far-away rattle of wagon wheels on the prairie trails; the red disc of the sun coming up out of the purple east, climbing the sky path so rapidly that ere you can turn around it is a hand-breadth above the horizon * * * and the hazy autumn day, restful, golden, subdued * * * the hurrying teams up and down the dusty roads * * * the distant barking of the thresher engines and the measured click of the weigher as it measures out, second by second, the millions of bushels of the Canadian harvest.

How splendid! How beautiful! Deeply we drink of the glory that is Autumn, of the beauty that is Life!

While the harvesters are still busy handling the summer's wealth of grain, October, the whimsical gypsy queen of the year, dressed in her flaming robes of crimson leaf, golden stubble and drab pasture land, comes along and opens her magic bag of tricks.

Keen frost in the morning that stings and tingles in finger tips; purple screen of magic hanging over the distant horizon; languorous noontide warmth that



Of the endearing spots in Saskatchewan, Madge lake is very near the top of the list. It is hidden away in the depths of a forest of pine and poplar, birch and spruce, and to approach it from any direction one must travel through four miles of woodland. Madge lake is an hour's drive from Kamsack. The crystal-clear water, the wide stretches of white sand beach, the encircling forest, the island constellation, all work unfailing sorcery on those who enter the charmed circle. The beauty of this bright scene has for far too many years been known but to those who reside within a few townships from the lake. Within the last few seasons tourists have been making its acquaintance. Only with difficulty can the visitor speak of Madge Lake without falling into rhapsodies and the use of superlatives. Dreams and poetry are made of just such qualities as compose the allurements of Madge lake.



[Photos by John Wride, Kamsack, through the kindness of Mrs. S. K. Ramsland, M. L. A.]

"I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore"



drowns and beguiles one, like the first uncertain flutterings of love in the heart; hazy and subdued afternoons, like those which enchanted the "Lotus Eaters" on their quest for happiness; quiet, muted twilight hours, filled with distant thrummings, like the echoes of music fading into silence; starlit nights, so exquisitely beautiful and so indescribably enthralling that one could linger for an eternity under the spell of the stars.

Of such wizardry is October wrought; of such a draught of beauty and enchantment she gives us to drink from her overflowing fountains. And like Mahomet refusing to visit Damascus for fear that its

matchless and delicious beauty would steal away his desire for paradise, I tremble to think that perhaps my adoration for the October earth and sky and the bewildering panorama of autumn has stolen away my hungering for any other immortality than this.

Something in the languorous noontide sun, something in the bewitching twilight, something in the alluring nights of beauty and mystery and magic, something in the closing pages of the year brings to us the soothing drug of meditation and repose. The Hercules of Work is changed into the Apollo of Dreams and we take on a new personality befitting the long, restful nights of winter.

Canadian Trails

Follow the trails—Canadian trails—

As far as man may go.

Follow them where the lone deer herds

That only the northlands know.

Follow the streams to their silent heads,

Down to the land where no man treads,

And the Arctic is your foe

Follow the trails that the redman trod

In moccasins swift and sure;

Follow them where the lone deer herds

Browse by the rivers pure.

Ninook the bear, and the Arctic fox

Watch by their dens where danger stalks

And only the strong endure

Follow the trails through deep pine gloom,

The trails of romance and strife,

Where the keen air whets the hunger pangs

Sharp as the hunter's knife.

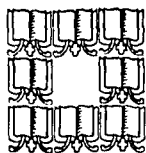
Far to the top of the lonely world

Where the banners of dawn have their lights

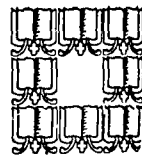
unfurled

In beauty, splendor and life.

—*Lerene Ballantyne.*



A Poker Game Which Led to the World's Greatest Experiment in The Co-operative Marketing Field



A DISTINGUISHED gathering of agriculturists from all parts of the Empire was held in London last summer. The Empire was combed in advance for the ablest men to contribute papers on the various topics it was intended to deal with. The man who was selected to present the relationship of co-operation to the State was the Premier of Saskatchewan. This was a tribute to the Hon. Charles A. Dunning, as one who had done much to promote co-operative marketing in Saskatchewan, but it was also a recognition of Saskatchewan as a province whose experience in co-operation could teach the rest of the Empire something worth while. There is no other province in Canada and probably no other part of the Empire in which the principle of co-operation has been applied so variously or so successfully as in Saskatchewan. Co-operation is the web, and individual initiative the woof of its life.

Anyone who had predicted fifty years ago that in the lifetime of the men who first turned the sod and

sowed wheat in this province, Saskatchewan would have a farmer-owned, co-operatively conducted grain-handling organization that eclipsed anything of the sort elsewhere in the world, would have been looked upon as a victim of prairie dementia. Worse soil for the propagation of co-operative ideas could hardly be imagined than that breed of men which trailed into what is now Saskatchewan in ox carts, a half century ago. They were pioneers—Scotch and Irish and English, stock which had gone before and shown the way to half the world. They were individualists. They stood on their own feet, asked favors of no man and leaned upon nothing but their own brawn to see them through. They had come further west to make a stake for themselves;—acorns from the old oak, starting trees of their own. What was it that turned these men into co-operators? A number of things.

An Englishman or an Irishman is a sociable animal by nature. A Scotchman can be made sociable by necessity. Co-operation in Saskatchewan

began in that first winter on the prairie, when men tired of looking out from their isolated shacks on the frozen stubble, went over and called on a neighbor and started a poker game. All the money in the party consisted of a two-bit piece. All winter long that bit of silver circulated among this little group of pioneers, who were co-operating to keep loneliness from the door until spring came again and they could gamble with Nature for higher stakes. Out of that experience grew another conception of co-operation. When spring came, Sandy MacPherson went lame. The men who had sat in at the poker game went over and watered his stock and helped him put in his seed. When the women came out in the following year they caught the co-operative fever. Women are even more sociably inclined than the sterner sex. They did not play poker; but they did stick together and help each other out, which is Anglo-Saxon for co-operation. They not only helped each other. They helped their husbands in the field. Sometimes it was the other way about, and the men turned to and helped in the kitchen or the sick room. There is more than one oldtimer still living in Saskatchewan who assisted at accouchements, when midwives were as scarce west of Winnipeg as two-dollar wheat has been since the war.

As the country filled up and the agricultural possibilities of what is now Saskatchewan were demonstrated, a broader application of the co-operative principle was forced upon the pioneers. Wheat, which men said could not be grown here, was grown; with ever increasing success. Animals, which they said would not survive the winter, went through it as well as the men and women. Settlement was proceeding apace, when a line of steel was stretched across the prairie—a gamble of Confederation.

After that development was rapid. "The Great Lone Land" became a mecca for farmers from all over the continent and abroad. They poured into Saskatchewan by scores of thousands. Other railways were built and along their lines privately-owned grain elevators were erected in all directions. Saskatchewan owes much of what it is today to the railways, as they in turn owe much of what they are to the fertile soil and the resourceful people of Saskatchewan; but it must be confessed that in the early days of their operation in this province the railways assumed an arrogant and unsympathetic attitude toward the farmers. They were apparently bent on squeezing the last cent they could out of the men who produced the crops which represented a large proportion of their business in the west. A more enlightened attitude

has since been adopted; and for that reason the conduct of the railways in the early days might have been passed over in silence if it had not constituted one of the principal causes of a co-operative movement which has profoundly affected the subsequent life of Saskatchewan and other prairie provinces.

The difficulties which the farmers had with the railways and with the old line elevators led directly to the formation of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers Association, which had for many years a tremendous influence on thought in this province and gave rise to the formation of similar organizations of farmers in other provinces. When the farmers had appealed individually to the railways and elevator companies for fair treatment they had been told to go home and slop hogs—or words to that effect. The Saskatchewan Grain Growers Association, which was merely the farmers of the province acting co-operatively, went to the mat with the railways—and beat them. Another step in co-operation had been taken.

About thirteen or fourteen years ago an agitation was started to free the farmers from the domination of the line elevators, which were believed to be taking an exorbitant share of the profits in the grain trade. Two avenues of escape were suggested: Co-operative elevators, and government ownership and operation

of elevators. A sister province adopted the latter alternative, with results that were far from satisfactory. A strong body of opinion favorable to government elevators existed in Saskatchewan. A bitter struggle between the advocates of government elevators and the advocates of co-operative elevators ensued, which found its way into the legislature and was determined by a narrow vote. Co-operation carried the day. Saskatchewan was saved from embarking upon a paternalistic project, which would undoubtedly have ended as unpleasantly as did that entered upon by another prairie province. Saskatchewan had been brought to the parting of the ways. One road led to government ownership and paternalism. The other to co-operative marketing. The decision then made shaped the future marketing policy of the province.

As a result of this decision, the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Co., Ltd., a co-operative grain marketing organization, composed of farmers, was created. The government assisted it by loans and by establishing a line of credit for it with the banks. That was in 1911. Since then this company has had a remarkable record. At the present time it is the largest self-contained grain handling organization in the world, with over 430 country elevators in the province, and terminal and hospital elevators on the Great

Lakes with a combined capacity of 15,100,000 bushels. A terminal transfer plant is now being erected by it at Buffalo, N.Y., which will have a capacity of 1,100,000 bushels. The company handled 42,880,425 bushels of grain during the year ended July 31, 1923. All this has been accomplished in thirteen years, without costing the treasury of the province a single cent. Sound business management and the undivided support of the twenty odd thousand shareholders of the company have made the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company an outstanding success.

A further step in the co-operative marketing of wheat was taken this year, when farmers representing more than half the wheat acreage of the province entered into a five year contract to pool their wheat. The Saskatchewan Co-operative Wheat Producers, Limited, a non-profit-taking co-operative marketing organization, was formed. Similar organizations have been formed in the other two prairie provinces. These three organizations, with a central selling agency, are able to control approximately half the Canadian wheat crop. This is the greatest experiment in co-operative marketing that has ever been attempted. Whether it will prove successful or not remains to be seen; but it has already proved that there is no length so desperate or so chimerical to which the farmers

are not prepared to go in the co-operative marketing of their produce.

As yet, Saskatchewan's greatest industry is grain growing; but co-operative marketing is not confined to that industry. Agriculture in Saskatchewan is handicapped by the great distances which separate the province from the seaboard and from its overseas markets. When the Hudson's Bay Railway is completed this handicap will be vastly lessened. The Atlantic ocean, which laves the northern shore of Manitoba, will then be made the servant of the prairie provinces. While that adaptation of nature to industry is delayed, Saskatchewan must count the pennies in marketing its produce. We find in this circumstance one of the reasons why the economies which are effected by co-operative marketing loom so large and convincingly before the eyes of the farmers, why the men on the land in Saskatchewan have been induced to apply the principle of co-operation all along the line.

Another outstanding success in the field of co-operative marketing is found in the dairying industry. The Saskatchewan Co-operative Creameries, Ltd., are amongst the largest and most useful organizations of their kind in the world. When Saskatchewan became a province in 1905, a number of creameries

fostered by the Federal Government were turned over to it. At the time it was doubted if this inheritance was of value to the province. A certain amount of expense and labor was entailed; but in the end it proved a blessing to the farmers

When it had been definitely established that it was possible to carry on dairying successfully in Saskatchewan, a demand arose for the taking over of these creameries by the farmers themselves. The Saskatchewan Co-operative Creameries, a co-operative dairy producing and marketing organization owned by farmers, was established. This organization has been the backbone of the dairying industry in the province. The output of creamery butter in Saskatchewan has increased from 132,446 pounds in 1906 to 10,867,010 pounds in 1923, with the prospect of an increase of 3,000,000 pounds this year over the previous twelve months. A large proportion of this output must be credited to private creameries, but the Saskatchewan Co-operative Creameries operated last year twenty-six of the sixty-three creameries in the province and produced approximately 4,500,000 pounds of butter. They also operated seven cold storage plants and manufactured ice cream at six plants.

At this point it may be well to call attention to the co-operative marketing policy of the Provincial

Government. This policy may be described as one of friendly neutrality. The Government has never urged co-operation upon the province. What it has done is lend its experience and a measure of assistance to co-operative undertakings, where they showed signs of success. This policy was admirably illustrated in the case of creameries. The Government administered the creamery business until it had demonstrated that it was possible for others to take it over and make a success of it. Then the Government withdrew, according to the Saskatchewan Co-operative Creameries only that indirect assistance which it had given to the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company. A similar policy has been pursued by the Government in connection with the marketing of poultry and various other farm produce.

Another form of government assistance to co-operative marketing is found in the aid rendered in the establishment of co-operative stockyards for the northern and southern sections of the province. A necessity arose in this case from the inadequacy of the facilities provided by the railways. There was little hope that such yards could be made profit-making institutions. Consequently the Government gave them grants outright. The farmers organized their own companies to operate the yards—and the Government

provided one-third of the cost of constructing the yards, with no expectation that it would ever be repaid. The venture has proved successful, although it marked an approach to paternalism unusual on the part of the Government of this province.

A co-operation and markets branch of the Department of Agriculture has been maintained for over a decade, which is equipped to supply information and afford assistance to those bent upon organizing co-operatively through the province. An important duty of this branch is the administration of The Agricultural Co-operative Associations Act, which governs the operations of associations formed in the province for the co-operative marketing of farm produce and the co-operative purchasing of farm supplies. At the present time the shareholders in these associations number upwards of sixteen thousand persons. The total annual sales of the associations amount to over \$3,600,000.

A mere enumeration of the various subsidiary co-operative enterprises in Saskatchewan would require more space than this article permits. Within the last few years, a notable development has taken place in the co-operative shipment of livestock. A turkey pool is now in operation. A co-operative poultry

marketing organization has been formed. Among the most recently created co-operative marketing organizations is one to take over from the producers and clean and grade and market seed grains. Wool grown in Saskatchewan is now largely marketed through the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, a national organization operating throughout Canada. Scarcely a commodity which the farmers of Saskatchewan produce is not now to a greater or less extent marketed co-operatively.

A defect of language or of thought restricts the meaning of words in common expression and understanding. Ask nine out of ten men today what co-operation means and they will immediately embark upon a discourse on co-operative marketing. As far as Saskatchewan is concerned, while co-operative marketing plays a large part in its life and vocabulary, co-operation has a much wider meaning.

We have other problems than those of marketing which we are attempting to solve co-operatively. There is the problem of developmental capital for the farmers, which the Government has attempted to solve through The Saskatchewan Farm Loans Board, which advances loans to the farmers at a reasonable rate of interest—a venture superficially paternalistic

but fundamentally co-operative. There is the problem of insurance against losses from hail, which is solved by The Saskatchewan Municipal Hail Insurance Association, a co-operative organization. There are innumerable other problems which crop up in a new province of immense distances and far-flung settlement, which are being solved co-operatively. Among them none is more important than that of anchoring the people to the soil of their adoption—and to the solution of that problem the Homemakers' Clubs are bending their energies.

Another organization that is doing splendid co-operative work in making farming a success in this province is the Association of Agricultural Societies, which includes in its membership the largest number of organized farmers in Saskatchewan and devotes its energies chiefly to improving farming methods.

A vast change has come over Saskatchewan within the last fifty years, a change which probably has no parallel in any other part of the world in a similar period of time. As the province has accumulated a population of approximately eight hundred

thousand people, a co-operative spirit and technique has been developed by and shot through them, which finds no counterpart in any other country.

As far as co-operative marketing goes, Saskatchewan is not yet out of the woods of experiment. A number of outstanding co-operative successes prove that it has developed practical men to carry on the work initiated by the evangelists; but in other fields the promoters and "dynamiters" are still at large. What the end will be cannot be foretold.

As far as co-operative living goes, Saskatchewan has nothing to fear. What it has achieved in this direction is founded upon the solid rock of individual character and initiative. All the nations of the world have been tapped to build up this province. They have given lavishly of their peoples, who have come here to mingle with the pioneers and become imbued with the spirit which has made Saskatchewan what it is. With Old World feuds forgotten, working hand to hand together, Saskatchewan is moving toward the fruition of that co-operative spirit of which this little volume is one of the most humble flowers.

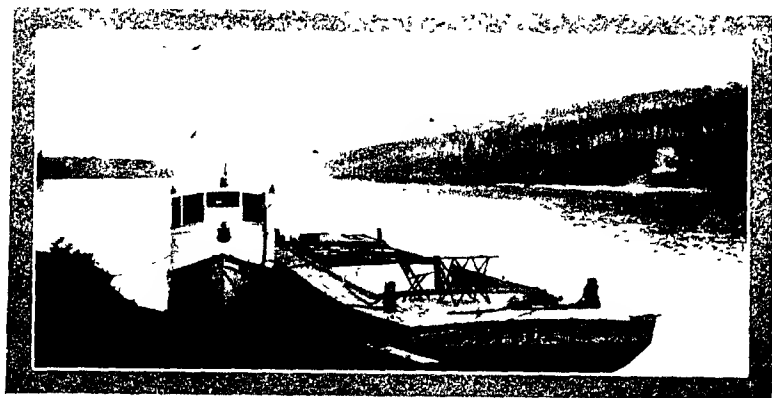
—HAMILTON BUTLER.

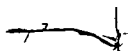


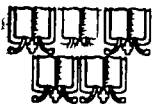
[Photo by Rossie, Regina.]

A type of the men who make up the Saskatchewan Provincial Police Force. From the 49th to the 60th parallel the policing of the plains and the forests is entrusted to steel-trued and blade-straight gentlemen. The constable in the power-canoe belongs to the Big River detachment, S.P.P., at the end of Cowan lake, he is on his way to collect some trappers' licenses at an isolated settlement. The lower scene is at Fond du Lac, in the fastnesses around Lake Athabasca, the most northerly spot in the province where there is a police station. The senior officer at Fond du Lac, Constable

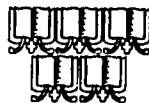
M. J. Chappius, has spent five years in these far solitudes, and his comrade, Constable A. Nicholson, three years. Three times a year they have a chance to get letters from home, and the out-going mail service is just as excellent.







Saskatoon:
A Prophecy

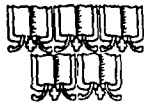


There's a town that's coming strong,—
Saskatoon.
And it's coming right along,—
Coming sqon.
There the summer winds are low;
There the summer roses blow;
You can stand and see, it grow,—
Saskatoon.

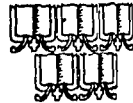
In a valley, O, so fair,—
Saskatoon
All the railways now are there,—
Saskatoon.
Sunny skies and fields of gold;
Land you'd like to have and hold;
Place to have your fortune told,—
Saskatoon.

Pearl, then, of a Promised Land,—
Saskatoon.
Shimmering, chinook-wind-fanned,—
Saskatoon.
Fairest land from sea to sea;
Land of opportunity;
"One best bet"—take that from me,—
Saskatoon.

—CY WARMAN.



Prairie Sunsets



NO sight in the world possesses greater grandeur than a sunset on the Canadian Prairies. Words cannot portray, nor artists reproduce adequately the beauty of our evening skies.

Low-lying crimson and pearl-tinted cloud-banks sometimes line the western horizon as the day ends. Through these the sun sends in thousands broken arrows of silver light. The shafts strike the overhanging cumulus and lose themselves in scintillating mosaics of blue and amber, emerald and ruby.

Rosy reflections of the western glory mirror themselves in fleecy cloud-puffs in the eastern sky seemingly supported by ascending darkness, and gradually these fade into heliotrope and bronze.

Turning again to the sunset pageant one finds the landscape sheathed in an aurora of rose and turquoise tints spreading far to north and southward; and wherever lie lakelets or streamlets there appear shapes of molten crimsons among the deepening shadows like huge opals floating in a vast, quivering mirage.

Here life takes on a glory and a strength
Of things still primal, and goes plunging on
And what care I for time-encrusted tombs,
What care I here for all the ceaseless drip
Of tears in countries old in tragedy?
What care I here for all earth's creeds outworn,
The dreams outlived, the hopes to ashes turned?
In that old East, so dark with rain and doubt?
Here life swings glad and free and rude, and I
Shall drink it to the full, and go content

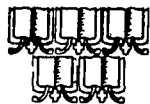
—Arthur Stringer in "Morning in the North West."

Canada' Geography

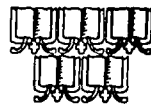
A thousand miles of prairie,
By master warrior won;
Behold her windows open wide
To greet the rising sun.

A thousand miles of river,
A thousand miles of sea;
A thousand miles of silvered peaks,
Her grand geography.

—Jas. M. MacGregor.



Old Time Trails Are Giving Place Rapidly To Net-work of Splendid Modern Highways



LESS than three-quarters of a century ago, the Province of Saskatchewan was criss-crossed with innumerable deep-cut trails traversing her prairies in all directions.

These trails were not the trails of commerce, but of the migrating buffalo, and led from feeding-ground to feeding-ground and from one water-hole to another. These trails were also followed by the swift ponies of the moccasined hunters and it was not until well into the nineteenth century that a number of these hunting trails became the elementary highways of traders engaged in bartering with the redskinned aborigines of the prairies.

As late as 1871, Sir William Butler was commissioned by the Canadian Government to traverse, what he afterwards termed in his famous book—"The Lone Land." He came over the principal trade route then existing east and west through the province, in fact it was the only overland through-highway to the mountains in Canada.

He entered the province at the site of old Fort Ellice, north of the Qu'Appelle river, and headed for

the Touchwood Hills, traversing the salt plains through the Humboldt district to the crossing of the South Saskatchewan river east of Duck Lake. Crossing this river, he continued his route to Fort Carlton west of Duck Lake and after a risky passage across the North Saskatchewan river, headed west for Fort Pitt, situated on the north bank some nine miles from the Alberta boundary and about twenty-five miles north-east of the present town of Lloydminster.

He was obliged to return east by the same route, as he found it impossible to secure a guide at Rocky Mountain House to take him through the Calgary country owing to the belligerent attitude of the Black-foot Indians toward any attempt at settlement in Southern Alberta. This was in the year 1871 A.D. What immense changes have been made in the comparatively short period since the date of Butler's trip!

Following his report, the Royal North-West Mounted Police was established, and this world famous corps by its patrols opened up the first recognised roads of communication, the vestiges of many of which are

still to be traced meandering across the prairies, following the lines of least resistance, and most of them based upon the old hunting trails which had been so deeply stamped into the prairie by countless hoofs of migrating buffalo.

The Fort Ellice and Edmonton road has already been mentioned. Then there was the route forking from this trail through Fort Qu'Appelle to Willow Bunch and from there westward on to the Cypress Hills and Fort Walsh. Next was the trade route to the South Elbow, Saskatoon, Prince Albert and north and north-west of Green Lake and beyond; then the route from Fort Pitt to Onion Lake and beyond, and then the important north and south route made famous by the rapid movements of the troops during the last Riel rebellion, from Fort Walsh to Saskatchewan Landing and thence northward to Old Battleford. There was also a trail running through Wood Mountain into the country of the Sioux Indians.

In 1905, the Provincial Government secured title from the Federal Government to those portions of these old trails which were then in use as it was then recognised that these trails formed the best natural roads for the development of the country.

Before the advent of the railways it was along these old trails that the primitive ox-wagons came with the first agricultural settlers, with their scanty tools and machinery, by which, however, they opened up this vast storehouse of the little grains of hard red wheat that is now so eagerly sought for by many countries for their bread.

Since 1905, the Provincial Government, though our population is considerably less than a million souls, has laid down a network of highways traversing the province bringing settlements into contact with their schools, churches, markets, and the outside world.

Another advance of civilization is upon us—the quicker transport—the automobile, and with this the demands of the drivers of motor vehicles for a road with an easy running surface. The roads of the province are built of the same material which grows its marvellous crops of wheat. Native gravel is scarce, and the task of the future road builders is to meet this new demand and to supply a harder surface than our natural earth roads supply at periods when these roads are affected by the rains.

The growth of the automobile traffic in the province of Saskatchewan has been even more rapid than in many older countries. In 1907, only fifty-

four motor vehicles were registered: in 1923, the number registered was 63,017. Readily one can conceive what a labor of Hercules is being performed in road-building alone by considerably fewer than a

million persons, the advance guard of the many millions who will inhabit these fertile plains in future years.

The Little Old Sod Shanty on the Claim

I am looking rather seedy now while holding down my claim,
And my breakfast, lunch and dinner's all the same,
And the mice play shyly 'round me as I nestle down to sleep,

In my little old sod shanty on the claim

The hinges are of leather and the windows have no glass,
While the boarded roof lets through the blizzard and the rain,

And I hear the hungry coyote as he sneaks up through the grass,

Round my little old sod shanty on the claim.

Yet I rather like the novelty of living in this way,
Though my bill of fare is always rather tame;
But I'm happy as a clam in this land so far away
Round my little old sod shanty on the claim

When I left my eastern home a bachelor so gay
To try to win my way to wealth and fame
I little thought I'd ever come to burning twisted hay
In my little old sod shanty on the claim

My clothes are plastered o'er with dough, I'm looking like a fright;

And everything is scattered round the room,
But I wouldn't give the freedom that I have here in the West

For the boodle of an eastern mansion home.

Cheers for you, O tall Canadians!
Erect as the evergreen spruce trees,
Strong as the withes of oak and birch sprouts,
Light in your step as the bark canoe
Skimming the waves of Lake Nipigon
Swift as the red deer, brave as the grizzly,
Like the panther—lean, too, and tawny;
Impetuous as the north wind over Saskatchewan.

—*New York World.*

Not here, not there, it's fifty miles from nowhere, but it's my home town.

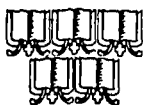
Not here, not there, but I'm all set to go there,
So I'll make a break and take a look in the mirror.
Where's my hat? Where's my coat? Where's my leather bag?
Send my trunk to the place written on the tag.

Not here, not there, it's fifty miles from nowhere, but it's my home town —*Popular Song*

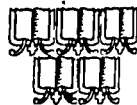
It rains here when it rains an' it's hot here when it's hot,
The country folks is real folks which the city folks is not
The dark is as the dark was before the stars was made;
The sun is as the sun was before God thought of shade;
An' the prairie and the butte-tops an' the long winds, when they blow,

Is like the things that Adam knew on his birthday, long ago.

—*Hermann Hagedorn*



The Wheat Thief—An Incident in Saskatchewan Farm Life



TAYLOR rose with the dawn and stood at the door of his shack looking out upon the broad acres of stooks spread out in the grey light like the tents of some countless pigmy army—the prairie at its best and most beautiful. The sky was clear and today would be as yesterday had been, a real Indian summer's day, with the air ideal in its warmth, and gentle as if fearful of breaking the long filaments like cobwebs which floated about in it, a perfect day for the threshing which was to begin that morning on the farm of his neighbor, Moore. The intrusion of this material thought roused him from his reverie and he turned again into his shack. As he did so his glance fell upon a tradesman's calendar hanging upon the wall, which bore the verse:

Let me live in a house by the side of the road

Where the race of men goes by,

They are good, they are bad—they are weak, they
are strong,

Wise, foolish—so am I.

Then why should one sit in the mourner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

He had come across the verse shortly after he had laid the one dark spectre of his life, and, because its simple words seemed to express his own ideal, had placed it like Lancelot's shield, "where morning's earliest ray might strike it." This morning it seemed to take on an added significance. He felt a sudden access of joy at recollection of the previous evening when Mary Moore had betrothed herself to him; and with his joy recurred a great wonder how it had come about.

John Moore's outstanding characteristic was perhaps an overweening pride of purse which, however, would have been more surprising and more objectionable in one whose early struggles had been less exacting. "I came to this country in ninety-one," he was fond of saying, "with nothing but what I had on." The obtaining of the most ordinary necessities meant long miles and weary hours upon the road. His wife, aged before her time, died leaving him with the care of their daughter Mary, then a child of eight.

Succeeding years brought him a series of good crops and then came the railway to raise the standard of comfort of the dwellers in that part of the changing West. Moore's prosperity, once begun, was continuous and he prided himself upon giving to his daughter many advantages which had been quite unknown to her mother and himself. Now he was growing old, and, did the younger man but know, the trend of affairs between Mary and Taylor pleased him. He welcomed the prospect of laying part of the burden of his large and well-stocked farm upon capable, younger shoulders. Hired men were not dependable and he could not watch them now as he used to do.

But Moore was, until last night, more sure of his daughter's state of mind than was Taylor. There was nothing of the coquette about Mary, but so matter-of-fact a person as she could not have failed to see that her father's position, as well as her own pleasing self, made her a very eligible catch. Besides, Moore's was a famous place to visit, notwithstanding that there were some of the farmers' wives who professed that they "didn't hold with this here school house-keepin'." If these considerations had not occurred to her, the attention she received must have convinced her. But she had singled him out—there was the amazing fact at which he wondered.

Taylor laughed as his eye fell again upon the verse and felt that the world was very good indeed. To prosper, to love and to be loved—who would not be a friend to man?

The sun was not far up when he betook himself to Moore's. But early as it was when he drove into the yard, he found everything in readiness for the day's work. Steam was up in the engine and the engineer and fireman were already as grimy as only engineers and firemen know how to be. Old Moore stood apart and squinted knowingly at the cumbrous lines of his new threshing outfit, as it stood resplendent in the brightness of its paint, and suggestive of latent power.

"I feel like a kid with a new toy," Moore called to Taylor. "I can hardly wait for the whistle to blow."

Taylor laughed.

"I said to them fellers, I says," Moore went on, "'I won't sign no mortgage nor no cast-iron contract all full of fine-print that nobody ever reads till somethin' goes wrong,' I says, 'and you needn't get poor hirin' no collectors to hound me. You show me she'll do what you say she will and get your money?' So they showed me and I paid for the rig there and then. Five thousand cold iron dollars it took, but I had 'em, by heck."

"Where did you get the gang?" Taylor inquired.

"The machine company was so tickled to get the cash for the outfit that they got me the engineer and separator-man. I got the others through an employment agency in town."

They were interrupted by the engineer who came up to ask for some instructions. Moore performed a perfunctory introduction—"Mr. Taylor, meet Mr. Larson," and the two men turned to face each other.

A glint of recognition flashed into Larson's eyes as they met Taylor's and suddenly the latter recognized under the engineer's grease and grime the man responsible for all his own unpleasant memories. Larson laughed insolently. "Mr. Taylor and I have met before," he said.

"I have no reason to be glad of that," Taylor retorted, and Larson laughed again.

Moore turned away with the uneasy feeling of a third party to a conversation of which the meaning is hidden from him, but Larson called him back.

"Mr. Moore," he explained. "Taylor ought to remember me. You see, he spent two years in jail in Manitoba for stealing my wheat."

Taylor was very white. "I have been living beside you now for about five years," he broke out to Moore. "Do you believe me capable of that?"

Moore spoke reflectively. "It ain't hardly the p'int whether I believe it or not, Joe. Is it true or ain't it?"

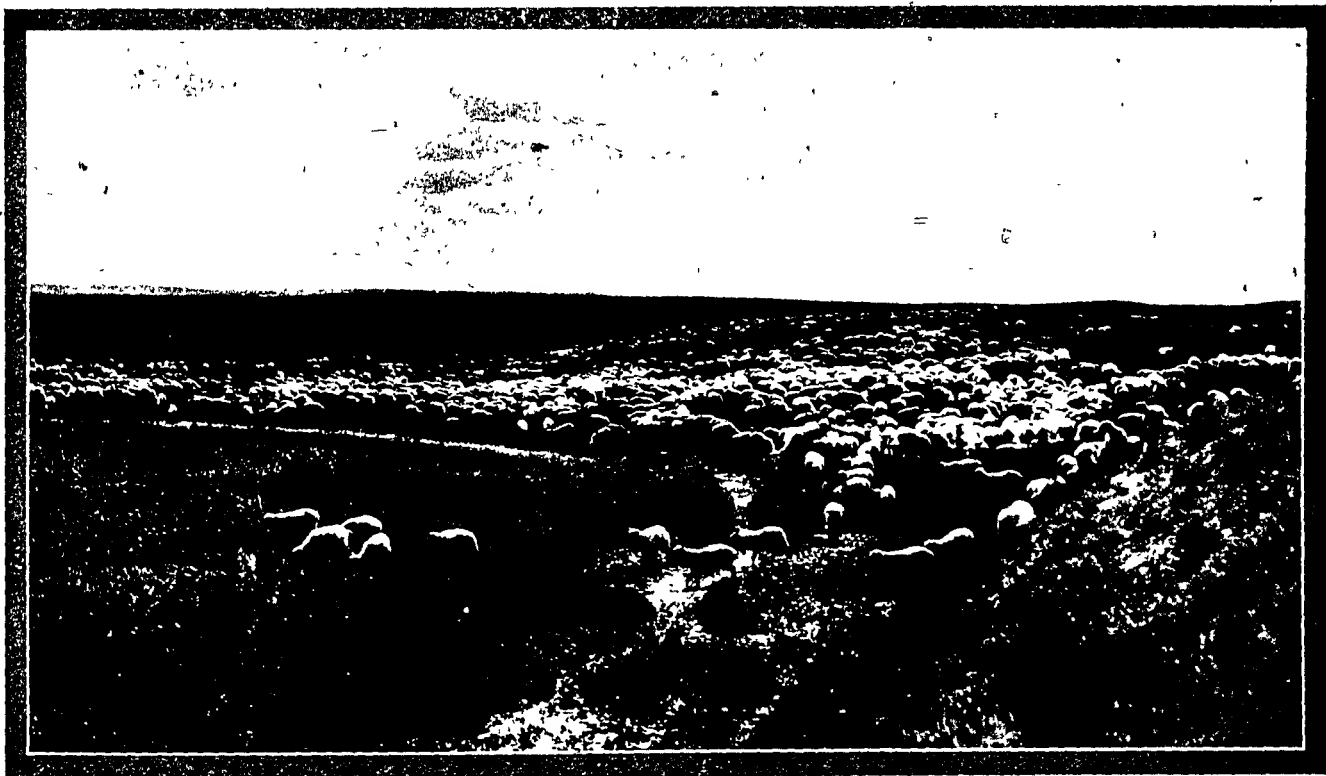
Taylor realized that bluff or subterfuge would be a mistake "It's quite true," he said, a trace of defiance in his tone.

Larson walked away with ill-concealed satisfaction which was doubly galling to Taylor on account of his own humiliation. Then there came a deafening screech from the engine, the wheels began to revolve and men hastened to their places. Moore detained Joe for a moment and began to speak. The rumbling of the machinery and the rattle of the wagons made it necessary for him to shout and Taylor thought that everyone in the yard must hear.

"I'm sorry, Joe, but from now on it must be strictly business between us two. Don't try to see Mary."

"Aren't you going to give me a chance to explain?" Taylor asked with quick resentment.

"What can you explain? You've admitted enough. Now get to work," the old man concluded, not unkindly, and led the other towards his waiting wagon. He liked Taylor, but of course his daughter could not marry an ex-convict.



[By courtesy of the Saskatchewan Government]

"By the stream and o'er the mead" graze the present-day flocks, the incarnation of "the wild and woolly west," tamed down into the resemblance of an Anton Mauve painting, Saskatchewan's infinite variety offers many such surprises



All day Taylor pitched sheaves from the ground to his wagon, from his wagon to the separator. The mechanical nature of his task left him only too much time for the recollections called up by the incident of the morning. The wordless misery of his trial—the smug complacency of Larson's face as he pleaded guilty—the judge—"The stealing of wheat is becoming the crime of the country, in its very nature hard to detect and equally hard to prove. It is therefore all the more necessary for the protection of the community that these offenders who are brought to justice be severely dealt with. You made your own bargain. You had no right to remedy a private grievance by a breach of the penal law. Two years in the common jail at hard labor."

He had read somewhere that the period of a convict's civil death purged him of his offence and that he returned to the outside world free to make the most of what was best in him. Taylor re-established himself in another province and now, just as his dream of a home seemed about to be realized, a chance meeting brought it to dismal ruin. The law might regard the ex-convict as being on an equal footing with his fellow-men, but they themselves certainly did not. The very man with whom he had been on friendliest terms,

who had most cause to trust him, was only too ready to turn him away unheard.

All day long such bitter thoughts coursed incoherently through his mind. He was glad of the physical exhaustion he felt when at last darkness fell and the engine shut down. He was in no mood for the rough badinage which flew about the table during supper in the cook-car; and afterwards he disposed himself to sleep upon the hay in the barn away from the other men.

The next day rain came, and again on the following morning a film of ice covered the stooks and there was more rain. So on the third day, Moore wandered about much aggrieved and watched without hope for a lightening of the unbroken grey overhead. Taylor betook himself to his own shack, principally to avoid meeting Mary, but returned the evening of the third day. The men in the caboose, which the gang humorist had already crudely lettered "Pullman," were roaring out a rollicking song to a tune of "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." Moore heard it as he splashed about in the yard and his scowl, by that time almost habitual, lifted. "Better have 'em that way³ than grouchin'," he said to himself. "The fine art of sabotage was unknown to him and he did not know that the song, led by Larson from a little book with a red paper cover, detailed the unhappy vicissitudes of a farmer

who failed to comply with the eminently reasonable wishes of a "wobbly" hired man. He had fruitful soil and a fitting season for that kind of seed.

Next morning the weather was still unbroken. After breakfast the men, led by Larson, filed out of the caboose and sought Moore.

"Look here, boss," Larson began, "the boys want to know if their pay is going on."

A look of surprise flashed across Moore's face. "I should say not," he replied shortly.

"We can't stay here for nothing," pursued the other. "We might be earnin' wages somewhere else."

"Not at threshin'." This ain't the only outfit that's tied up. I don't make the weather. And besides you can't expect to get holdup wages and get paid for not workin'. You're mighty lucky you're not payin' for your board."

Unexpected support came to him from the tall separator-man. "The boss is right," he said. "Anyway, Larson, the company sent us out here and it's up to us to keep this outfit running if we can, or at least not to do anything to prevent it running."

"I'm not under any obligation to the company," said Larson with a sneer. "They'd rub it into us as quick as this man if they got us where they could."

Moore flushed angrily, "I ain't going to argue the p'int. You don't get wages unless you work. If you don't like it, move on."

Two of the men demanded their wages and set out to walk to town. The others separated with some sullen mutterings, but Larson accepted the situation with apparent good grace. During the afternoon the sun came out and Moore prepared to resume his threshing.

That night Taylor, still a prey to gloomy thoughts, found himself unable to sleep. The inactivity of the last few days had had its effect. In vain he settled himself—past events crowded through his too-active brain in discomforting procession. Suddenly he sat up with a start as a stealthy figure crossed the grey square of an open doorway framed in the surrounding blackness of the barn. "I wonder what Larson can be up to?" he said to himself, as he rose and went quietly to the door. He watched Larson cross the farmyard towards the threshing machine; saw him stoop to pick up something from the ground. Taylor remained in the shadow of the barn until the other had climbed to the top of the separator and was busying himself with something there. Then he walked over and inquired in as casual a voice as he could assume "What are you doing up there at this time of night?"

Startled, Larson turned. "It's you, is it?" he growled and launched himself from where he crouched. Then as the surprised Taylor was overborne, Larson cried loudly for help. Soon the men began to rush from the caboose and quickly surrounded the pair struggling on the ground. Last of all, Moore came running from the house with a lantern in his hand.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he demanded hotly.

"Look inside of the separator and you'll see." panted Larson. "Your friend the jail-bird has been getting even."

The lanky separator man climbed up and after much fumbling drew out a good-sized boulder. "As big as my head," he exclaimed. "That would have made short work of your separator if we had tried to put it through in the morning."

Taylor, who had risen and was standing in the midst of the excited group, now realized for the first time what had happened and how the circumstances had been turned against him. The thought sprang into his tortured mind that Larson had intended from the beginning to injure him. Instantly he sprang and succeeded in getting home one well-directed blow before many hands seized and held him. Larson went down like a ten-pin and Taylor stood unresisting, glad to

feel the pain of his smarting knuckles. "Damn you," he cried, "must you always spoil things for me?"

Then he felt a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and turning, looked into Moore's face

"I would've expected a better return than this," said the old man bitterly, and added scornfully, "even from you."

Taylor winced. "So I am to be unheard again?" he asked.

"Talk will only make things worse. Ye may have to face a judge again." Someone chuckled at the slight emphasis he put on the word "again." "Meanwhile," he continued, "you git off this place and don't come on it again on any excuse." Taylor glanced at the hostile face, then the word "Jail-bird" recurred to his mind and he turned to obey.

Suddenly he heard Mary's voice. He had not noticed her join the group. "Don't go," she called, and then, her brown eyes flashing, "You seem to forget that I am quite as interested as you are," she said to her father, "You must give us a chance to explain."

"I think it's time for me to interfere," said the separator-man, surprisingly. He turned up the inside pocket of his coat and disclosed a metal badge bearing the letters, "R.C.M.P." and a number. "It happens that I am in the secret service and I have been follow-

ing up this man ever since that mine strike." To Larson, "You know the one I mean. I've got all the evidence I need now. Mr. Moore, this man, not Taylor, put the stone in your separator. I watched him do it." He held up his hand as Larson seemed about to speak. "You are under arrest and it is my duty to tell you that from now on everything you say will be used against you. Come along."

Mary, Taylor and Moore were left alone. "Now, perhaps you'll listen," she said to her father. "Joe, tell him about that affair—that you were only a young homesteader, and that the man sold you horses and promised to carry you over the fall if you didn't get a crop. That you had no crop and still he took the horses back and you got panicky and thought you'd

have to give up your land and stole his wheat to get even. Tell him."

Moore looked at her in amaze. "Then you knew about it?" he asked.

"Certainly. Joe told me. The only things I didn't know were that Larson was the man and that you were making any fuss about it. Why couldn't you leave the past to bury itself?"

Moore, a little sheepish, glanced at the separator, then back to Taylor and held out his hand. "Joe," he said, "I owe you too much ever to speak of this again." And then, "Well, tomorrow I guess I'll have to go to town and get me a new engineer."

—J. C. MARTIN

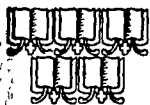
He Certainly Knows Beans as Well as Wheat.

Dr Seager Wheeler, of Rosthern, is known as Saskatchewan's wheat expert because of his success in producing new strains of wheat adapted to Western Canada conditions. As for other things it can never be said that Seager Wheeler doesn't know beans. He does know them.

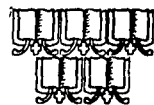
He has 115 kinds of beans, of all sizes, colors and conditions, from navy beans to a big white bean an inch in diameter and an inch and a half long. He has beans that look like Easter eggs; prolific field beans, beans found by the Indians on the hills in Arizona, Burbank beans, butter beans; broad beans, soy beans and a hundred other varieties. Some of them ripen and some

do not; some of them make fine pasture and some go well with a little pork.

This Rosthern farmer has 80 varieties of apples in his orchard containing 800 trees. Crab apples, plums, cherries and raspberries he raises. Dr. Wheeler is encouraging plum-growing too. He has one variety with a purple skin, one with purple flesh, and one that might be a cherry except for its purpleness. At the same home may be found scores of flowers, none of which get any coddling. Dr. Wheeler's notion is to discover what plants can make themselves most happily at home on the prairie. Among his roses is a cross between the wild Saskatchewan rose and the American beauty.



Bright Celestial Doings Color Rare Saskatchewan Nights



ON twenty or thirty nights of the year, entrancing glory spreads over the Saskatchewan heavens. The resplendence on these occasions is of the Arctic auroral displays, theatricals immeasurably elaborate and needing sometimes the entire northern half of the sky for their setting.

Writers of even jewelled pages have yet to capture within their nets of golden words the delicate beauty of the Northern Lights when the ethereal revels are at their gayest. Indescribable is this elfin maiden Aurora, whether dancing here and there as a soft radiance glowing and fading, or playing over half the solar system in an illimitable riot of illumination. But "We specialize in the wholly impossible," is a western sentiment responsible for the transformation that has taken place in Saskatchewan in this first quarter of the twentieth century, so even prosaic writers are emboldened to try to offer an idea of the beauty of the diaphanous Gloriana of the Skies.

The brilliancy of the auroral celebrations suggests, that the spirits of flame in all the amber, emerald sapphire, and ruby treasures of a thousand worlds

must have disembodied themselves for an hour of celestial dissipation. Infinitely swift alternations of crimson, blue, green and yellow among these merry morris dancers convey the ecstasy of motion as well as all delights of form and color.

Flashing, quivering, vanishing, dipping and gliding, rolling and looping in voluptuous curves, the auroral rainbow is the glorification of freedom and fun. Demureness herself, in comparison, is the more familiar rainbow who presents herself by day, and who never dreams of stirring about the sky with even the statestest motion. The Northern Lights are restless as the tides of the sea and some one has named them "long breakers of phosphorescent light from some limitless ocean."

Silken scarves of iridescent sheen carelessly thrown on a floor of lapis-lazuli; a million tall, celestially slim reeds swaying in unison from joy in their own loveliness; the spirits of the "golden lads and girls" of all the centuries, beauty herself disporting among the starry spaces varying her charms momentarily,—these the unsleeping will see in the midnight pageantry in Saskatchewan on rare nights of the year.

The supernatural beauty of the Aurora Borealis viewed from a lonely northern outpost on a night transcending all others in memory brought to mind the description: "One molten, manthng sea of color and

fire; crimson and purple, and scarlet and green, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind—things which can only be conceived while they are visible."

Oldest Paper on Prairie

To *The Saskatchewan Herald*, Battleford, belongs the distinction of being the oldest newspaper in the province, and the oldest between Winnipeg and the Rockies. It was founded by the late P. G. Laurie in 1878. The publication has been continuous except when the late Mr. Laurie did duty in the home guards during the rebellion of 1885. Half a dozen subscribers are still on the list who have taken the paper for 46 years. R. C. Laurie is the managing editor.

The Blackbird Passes By

A flash of black against an autumn sky,
A fluted cry, exultant, shrill and high,
The red-winged blackbird, singing, passes by

Across the meadow tightly fenced around,
As if to keep its freedom safely bound,
He darts and dips toward the golden ground.

Upon a post he pauses just to see
The sun-bathed grasses stirring sombrely,
And flaps his wings with joy to be so free.

Out on the wire he sings, a coal-black king,
And flaunts the scarlet of his wondrous wing,
The seal of God who gave him voice to sing

A flash of black against a crimson sky,
Into the sunset merging with his cry,
The red-winged blackbird, singing, passes by
—*Laura Goodman Salverson, in The Canadian Bookman*

Fresh Glories Each Season

The prairie's beauty must be seen * * *
* * * In the clear bright days of Autumn's glow,

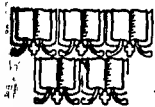
The gracious bracing time, spirit and balm
In every breath and breeze, when even the blast
Has some soft touch of sweetness, and every pulse
Glow with a thrill of rapture, and to live
Is joy; its superb pageantries,

When large and yellow suns go down aflame
'Mid tapestries immense of purple clouds,
And continents of vapor, their vast hearts
On fire, the russet, purple and silver rise
Of suns which grow all gold within an hour,
Wide-gleaming, splendid, indescribable;

In *spring time*; or in *harvest* when the seas
Of golden grain shine like the golden fleece;
Or in *mid winter*, all the sky clear, glad,
The purple-hollowed crust of wide, white plain,
O'er which and thwart the trail of blazing light,
The powdered snow, in forms fantastic, skips
To music of the northern blast, and skims
Away and never turns in that wild waltz,
Not for a thousand miles * * *

* * * The man with flesh and muscle
Nerve and heart in tune
With the clear spirit that bears up his life,
Revels in stimulating airs, and drinks
The cold, pure ether, sirring high the heart like wine.

—*N. F. Davin, in An Epic of the Dawn.*



The Fulfillment and the Promise of the University of Saskatchewan



"GOOD Lord! How extravagant you are!"

The exclamation came from a British professor, viewing the buildings of the University of Saskatchewan for the first time.

"Many universities in Europe have spent five hundred years getting the plant and equipment you have got in ten."

However, the ideas which originate and establish universities have changed considerably in five hundred years. Those who are building up the University of Saskatchewan know perfectly well that big, beautiful buildings do not make a university. In fact, the University of Saskatchewan started on its gay, glorious emprise in a dusty attic room with one teacher and a small group of boys. But buildings and physical equipment are absolutely essential to a modern university, particularly in a province like Saskatchewan, where physical development of fields, mines and forests is the paramount necessity. The mind of man, in a new and stimulating environment, must grapple with primary problems, physical problems.

So one of the first steps in building up the University of Saskatchewan was to start digging the native limestone out of the river-bank near the campus, patiently and laboriously to erect commodious, fire-proof buildings that, with a minimum of repairs, will last for all time. The style of architecture is not ornate. No money has been wasted in domes and steeples. The buildings have the simple dignity of things skilfully designed for use, not for show. The arrangement of the campus and grouping of the buildings is such that an effect of striking beauty is achieved. Year by year as the trees and shrubs grow and the ivy creeps up the walls, the place takes on a finer, sweeter grace.

Of course, the most beautiful building in the place is the barn, but it will probably take a couple of decades for most people to realize it. Tremendous, overpowering, ravishing sensations from such a barn as this! How rugged the foundation! How brave and vast and lofty the superstructure! How dynamic the inclined causeway up which the slow-moving bulls and Fordsons climb! How defiant the silo, jabbing its

hollow concrete thumb into the bowels of the earth and pointing a spiked finger into the sky!

The graceful stone lattice-work of the facade of the Chemistry Building, reminiscent of cathedrals, is a centre of admiration for all the worshippers of form, but as for me, give me the barn!

The University of Saskatchewan is our bravest expression of what we expect Saskatchewan to become. We have invested about ten million dollars in it—nearly one-fifth of the public debt of the province. The University is the focus and nerve-center of so many human activities within the province that it is difficult to give a well-fleshed and colorful idea of what it is—like trying to translate the Fifth Symphony into words of one syllable.

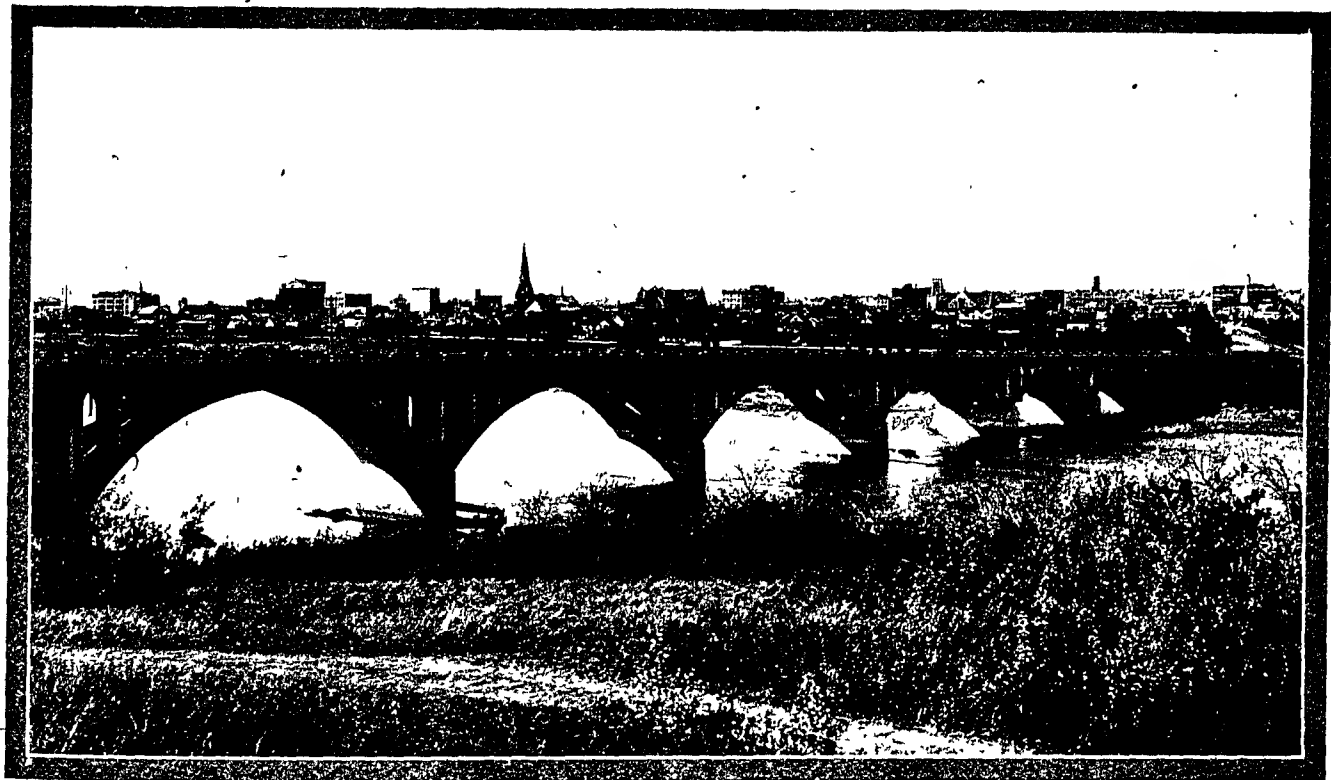
Agriculture looms large. The University surveys the soils of the province, finds out how each type of soil should be tilled, and what crops to grow on it. New breeds of plants are burbanked into being; better bulls are put to their most effective use. There is an extension department for spreading the gospel by mimeograph; the University is the center of of several hundred Agricultural Societies, which hold competitive exhibitions; a Better Farming Train makes a tour of the province each year; several hundred farmers, young and old, come into the University every winter

for six or eight weeks of practical work, specialized and very much to the point.

Apex also of the educational structure, for both students and teachers. And guardian of professional jealousies; standard-setter for lawyers, doctors, dentists, accountants, druggists, architects, engineers—in short, of all those who must jealously guard human safety, health, peace, property and ambitions. There are even a couple of theological colleges on the campus, judiciously sheltered—with the proper reservations—under the aegis of universal learning.

Some attention is paid to art, and a good deal to swamp fever. In connection with research—industrial and biological research—the universities of Western Canada have made a very sensible arrangement. Saskatchewan, for instance, undertakes to do all the work in clays; Alberta, all the work in coals, and so forth. Duplication of effort is avoided, as well as duplication of plant and overhead.

Of course, there are some fifteen hundred regular students, engaged directly and constantly in the pursuit of learning, but they do not weigh heavily in the sum total of the University's activities. It hasn't been found necessary to build a bowl. Football is played, but is not allowed to eclipse the rest of the institution. There is also, I believe, a Faculty—quite a vivid and



[By courtesy of the Saskatoon Board of Trade

Saskatoon, the University city of the province, on the lordly South Saskatchewan, has a striking and engaging personality, and its history is one of high lights and strong fascination. The University and its environs are connected with the commercial part of the city by the bridge shown in the foreground, one of the handsomest in Canada, and one which commands a beautiful view



varied assortment of men and women, some of them earnest, and others intelligent.

Combining many of the desirable features of English universities with those of the more deliberately vocational American state institutions, the University of Saskatchewan is gradually acquiring a flavor and originality of its own. A university is principally a magnetic field: it consists of human contacts, personalities and encouragements of growth. To create such a thing is an almost superhuman task; to achieve it in one decade an astounding feat. Recall that five of these years were devoted to war, and your imagination breaks down. You have to see it to believe it.

Centre and guiding star of this resplendent enterprise is Dr. Walter C. Murray, the President. He has an imposing array of capital letters after his name, but

perhaps his distinction can be more piercingly put. He comes from Nova Scotia, and he has a sense of humor. Persistence, patience, tolerance, intensity, vividness, insight—some rare combination of qualities which escapes the most workmanlike attempts—at definition, has enabled President Murray to keep the University of Saskatchewan from being overshadowed by its magnificent buildings. He has planted vigorous young saplings in the rich soil of Saskatchewan, and has seen them take root and grow amazingly. He has before him many more years of achievement, and he will leave behind him a vast, vital organism more permanent than a grove of "immemorial elms."

"University," properly understood, is a big, big word. But it is not too big for the University of Saskatchewan.

—RANDOLPH PATTON.

Writ in the Heavens

Not for thy vast estate alone,
Nor for the value of thy wheat,
Are we, who know thee, proud to own
Saskatchewan, that thou are great.
But oh thy prairies stretching far
Beyond where puny things control,
We've seen the glory of thy star;
And felt the greatness of thy soul.

—S. C. Carn.

The Northern Lights, with sweeping scimitars,
All night the dark fir-fringed horizons hold,
The tense ice booms like cannon with the cold
Beneath the astounding stars —*Bernard Preston*

The hills were brown, the heavens were blue,
A woodpecker pounded a pine-top shelf,
While a partridge whistled the whole day through
For a rabbit to dance in the chaparral,
And a gray grouse drummed, "All's well, all's well."



In The Little Grey Homes May Be Found Manifestation of The Soul of Saskatchewan



I STOOD beside one of Saskatchewan's myriad lakelets lying like crystal mirrors wherein nature may find her loveliness reflected. I was regaling myself upon thoughts of the distinctive place among the provinces that Saskatchewan has won within a quarter of a century, and of the greatness it may attain before the century ends

Mirrored in these pure pools, the softly-deepening amber and rose and pearl sunrises and the crashing crimson and purple sunsets lend splendor to the earth as well as to the heavens. The little lakes repeat each tint and color of the miracle of dawn and of nightfall. The swift flight of the wild-fowl is shadowed in their clear depths; the light willows bend lovingly over them; poplar and balm of gilead grow straight and tall beside them.

It was on a sunny day in the autumn that I loitered beside the little lake. The air was of crystalline purity and held a tang of frost. Argosies of fleecy clouds floated dazzlingly white in the ineffable blue of the September sky. I watched their reflections in the lake below.

The shores were brilliant with autumn's richest hues,—the clear yellow of the saskatoon bushes and the deep carmine and rose madder of the wild cherry mingling with red willow and silvery sage brush. Against a green hillside a field of late oats stood out palely yellow. Leaf on leaf, tint on tint, the little lake gave back the scene.

High over head in a long wedge trailed a flock of wild geese. Their harsh "Wa-Wa, Wa-Wa" floated down, as with unerring instinct the leader guided his grey flock in symmetrical line on their long flight southward. The lyrical call of meadow-larks reached my ears.

Mallard and teal dipped and dived in the cool waters of the lake. A muskrat swam out from shore leaving a ripple on the water to mark his swift, straight course. A flash of purest gold, and a bevy of goldfinches passed me singing and winging. A glimpse of dull brown, and the cautious cat-bird had attained another tree.

"Pan, Pan, the great god Pan,—enraptured in his wild garden today!" the picture suggested.

Marvelling, adoring, I thought, "Surely all this opulence of Nature, this joyance of wild life is an elemental expression of the soul of this vast primal province! Would that I could interpret clearly the spirit and individuality of Saskatchewan!"

The wine-like air, the rare coloring, the lure of the wild life by that small lake set me musing over the magnificence of our wonderland of prairie, river, forest, lake and mine. Prodigal of her resources, Nature fashioned the physical contours of Saskatchewan on liberal lines and showered lavish gifts upon her.

No sparing tump-line charted the continental grain areas and the deep forests of poplar, spruce, tamarac and jack-pine. From no diminutive chalice flowed the sparkling waters of our northern lakes and rivers. The exhaustless mineral strata and sodium deposits and the rare clays of Saskatchewan have been formed by no miserly centuries. The bright turquoise of the skies, the matchless beauty of the prairie rose, the brilliant hues of the hundreds of wild-flowers all lend magnificence to a setting for homes of a myriad families.

Eager to discover further manifestations of the soul of the middle western province I left the little lake and under yellowing poplars and balms followed

a trail winding out over the lion-colored prairies and soon scattered homesteads appeared.

In the marvellously clear atmosphere of the colorful season the plains before me were still bright with the bronze and gold of poplars and balms, the crimsons and siennas of the rose bushes, the pale purple of the asters and the gleaming wealth of the golden-rod. The unbroken view stretched for miles in every direction "boundless and beautiful."

Through the open doors of the homesteaders' little wooden shacks I caught sight of women industriously performing household tasks.

Attended by a lusty-throated threshing-gang, on one of the farms a giant steam-thresher strained and puffed as it released constant streams of golden Marquis wheat. On another the homesteader was cutting a field of oats and bundles of golden rain rippled along the ground as the reaper passed. On a third a new settler was "breaking," turning the first furrows on the virgin prairie for the next year's sowing.

The agricultural marvel of the Saskatchewan wheat fields, the completion of the swift cycle of seed-time and harvest, sowing and reaping, in one hundred days, was passing before my sight. Scenes such as I had watched were to be viewed on one hundred

thousand farms of the greatest wheat province in the Dominion.

Mighty principalities have had smaller areas than are covered by the Saskatchewan wheat fields—the thought entered my mind—and these western farmers are producing wheat in quantities to feed nations. Is it not possible, I thought, that on the farms and in the little grey homes the soul of Saskatchewan may find its clearest expression? If not there, where shall one seek for the true habitat of the soul of the province?

In the warm shelter of an aureate poplar bluff, I listened to the music of the wind as it swept by in untrammelled glee, singing the song of the prairie-land, the song of a young land, a free land. Long I stood, exulting in the magnitude of its resources, its opportunities, its potentialities, and thrilled with the bright promise of its future.

Is this blithe, jubilant wind—this bold, roystering voyageur that companioned the first fearless adventurers into the Canadian west—a symbol, I wondered, of the valiant, resourceful soul of Saskatchewan? Is it?

The wind went rioting among the stocks of wheat that dotted the land as far as the eye could measure.

In the song of the wind were blent many voices interpreting to me the soul of Saskatchewan.

From far-off homesteads where the blue shadows fell rang the glad note of possession, the settler's first joy in his own land. Rising and falling with this note was a plaintive minor undertone that held in it the loneliness of sparsely peopled areas, the heartsickness of beginning life afresh in a strange new land.

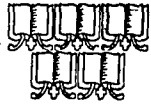
There was yet another voice, deep as an organ's tone, vibrant as a flute's. Persistent and strong as the ebb and flow of tidal waters, it fixed itself above all the others, till its echoes touched the furthest limits of the province. That appealing voice seemed to issue from the heart of the prairies. It was a woman's voice, alluring, "insistent as the dominant's note." It was the cry of Mother Nature calling pilgrim folk of far lands to these vast regions of forest and prairie-land; calling them to take possession of treasures that have been awaiting since the morning of time; calling them to bring skill of hand and alertness of brain that native virtues blending with those of other origin may preserve worthy of its unparalleled physical form the soul of Saskatchewan.



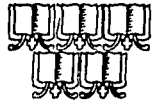
By courtesy of Judge Ethel MacLachlan, Regina.

The scene is not Moore's Sweet Vale of Avoca, nor yet Tennyson's Island Valley of Aylon, but the enchanting valley of the Battle showing the river mooning and day-dreaming around in the debutante province, not caring whether it ever reaches the Bay or not — The Battlefords possess more than their fair share of beautiful scenery, but even around those cities few prospects surpass this pretty valley





*What With One Thing and Another
The Prairie Has Her Own Delights*



IT'S life on a prairie homestead in a little house on a hill;

I never have seen great forests and I likely never will!

But the groves which I have planted and tended from slender reeds

Chant softly in the distance, teaching me beautiful creeds.

It's life at a lonely outpost with no neighbor-folk to thrill;

I never have seen the ocean and I likely never will!

But the wheat fields billow in summer while sunlight gilds their crest;

And the waves of the snow in winter whirl like foam on the ocean's breast.

It's life where new trails are blazoned and stern necessities drill;

I never have seen high mountains and I likely never will!

But there's height to the dome of the heavens, and there's grandeur among the stars;

There's Aurora's opalescence and the distant awe of Mars.

It's life on Saskatchewan ranges, demanding patient skill;

I never have heard an opera and I likely never will!

But meadow-lark choirs often 'round my humble dwelling throng,

Trilling, full-throated and liquid, their notes of exquisite song.

It's life as a pioneer toiler with ravenous mouths to fill;

I never have seen great paintings and I likely never will!

But when the sun's setting in glory and the west is with rose-gold alight

'Tis a master painter's picture which no artist can copyright.

It's life in unending routine without conventional frill;
I never have travelled the world-ways and I likely
never will!

But I follow the seasons' progression and my panoramic year

Is of loveliness surpassing Samarkand or Kashmir.

—ALICE M. FUNK, Mennon, Saskatchewan, in
The Western Woman and Rural Home.

Madelon! Madelon! Madelon! Come Here, Vite!

"Saskatoon—a fine city," says a recent arrival from France, but so unlike Paris."

Perhaps we have been a little remiss in this respect. Why shouldn't Saskatoon be like Paris? A little time and effort on the part of our citizens would speedily transform this city of the plains into another French capital, an art centre, an old world metropolis.

All the manager of the Cafe Elite on the Rue de la Pay would have to do is move his tables and chairs out on the sidewalk where patrons could eat their ham and eggs and sip their so-called coffee on the boulevard.

At the end of Second Avenue an Eiffel Tower* could be erected so that wives of commercial travellers might climb aloft every week-end and watch for their husbands coming home.

Monsieur the Prefet de Police, could arm his cops with short swords and rechristian 'em gens d'armes. Instead of the vulgar phrase "police station" he might put up a sign bearing the much more fruity word, "Bastille."

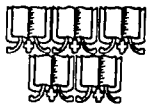
Of course, Saskatoon would need a Louvre in which to store her objets d'art. Then a few arches and statues wouldn't look bad. An Arc de Triomphe in front of the C.N.R. depot, maybe, depicting the City of Saskatoon getting out from under a damage suit. And in city hall square—to be known of course, as le Place de la Concorde—a statue of an alderman embracing a member of the electrical workers' union.

Speaking of the city hall, it would not be called that any longer, you know. Hotel de Ville is the proper title, although the city clerk, always somewhat exacting in his tastes, would probably insist on it being known as the Palais de Corps Legislatif.

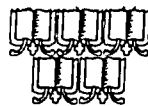
M. Guillaume S——, of course, would change the name of the C.N.R. depot to the Gare du Nord. M. M—— would be retained we think, as librarian of the Bibliotheque Nationale, while M. S—— would continue as impresario of l'Opera Comique. La Bourse would stay, no doubt, in the hands of the present official.

And any two rival redacteurs, when they meet on the boulevard of an afternoon, they will remove their top hats and salute one another upon the cheek.

Yes, they will!—*The Saskatoon Star.*



Silver Trail and Blue Fawn: Tragedy of a Red Chief's Daughter



OUR story opens with the spring of 1888. Silver Trail was the son of Big Sky, headman of Little Black Bear's Band. Blue Fawn was a daughter of Stem Child, headman of Star Blanket's Band. Silver Trail, a young man of nineteen years, tall, straight, well knit and handsome, was an expert with axe, trap and gun.

Successful in the winter hunt for game and fur, he had also acquired a liking for summer farming activities. His crop of spring wheat was now several inches above ground, and, as an evidence of this thrift, his little field was enclosed by a strongly built-fence, to ensure the safety of his crop from the depredations of herds of cattle and horses roving the prairies.

In the middle of this field stood a log cabin, newly erected and well furnished, awaiting occupancy. Silver Trail, unmarried, still lived under the paternal roof. As a result of his energetic activities he had grown in favor with the government officials at the agency.

Blue Fawn's mother was a sister of Chief Star Blanket, and widow of the renowned Cree Chief, Ready Bow.

A girl of sixteen summers, happy, healthy, plump and pretty, with tawny complexion, oval face, teeth even and white as pearls, eyes that sparkled like miniature dark lakes of fathomless depths, hair long and black as the raven's wing, and a countenance that radiated smiles and gladness, Blue Fawn—a leader among her girl companions—was the pride of her grandmother's heart and a general favorite among all the reserve residents, whether white or red.

She was skilled in all the arts of needle craft so dear to the heart of every Indian girl, and was an adept in the cooking and preparation of the simple diet common among her people.

A flaw, which at times revealed itself, in an otherwise pleasing personality, was Blue Fawn's inordinate pride in the traditions of her ancestors and in her descent from a long line of famous chiefs. This had perhaps given her an undue estimate of her place in the community and among her intimate associates.

Silver Trail loved Blue Fawn.

He had watched her grow from early girlhood until now, at sixteen, she stood an attractive, fully

developed Indian woman. In accordance with the custom of his nation, Silver Trail now approached his father with a request that negotiations might be opened up with Blue Fawn's father for his marriage with the dusky maiden.

Big Sky stoically suppressed the smile which, for a moment, glimmered on his face as he contemplated with pleasure, the prospect of an alliance with the family of the renowned Ready Bow, through his son's marriage with the great Cree chief's granddaughter.

Big Sky lost no time in taking action. At early dawn a handsome steed from his well selected band of horses might have been seen tethered and grazing a few rods from the door of Stem Child's tent.

The significance of this movement on Big Sky's part needed no explanation to those acquainted with the customs prevalent among our Indian people. Removal of the animal by the maiden's father, before he had consumed all the grass within the radius of his tether, signified, on his part, a willingness to negotiate. Otherwise the owner must understand that his proposal on behalf of his son was not regarded favorably. The horse would be reclaimed and all concerned would still be friends.

It may be safely assumed that, from some secluded spot, Silver Trail watched developments with an eagle eye: Next morning Big Sky's horse was in Stem Child's herd, and shortly after Blue Fawn became Silver Trail's bride.

In July came the day for the annual treaty payments—an occasion of great importance to every Indian. It is on this day, that there is to be paid each year, "while the sun shines and the waters flow in the ocean," the sum of five dollars to each man, woman and child, fifteen dollars to each headman and twenty-five dollars to every chief.

In due course Big Sky presented his annuity ticket, or token, and was told by the Agent, "You will receive payment for one person less this year. Your son will be given a new ticket and will draw his own annuity, together with that of his wife." To Stem Child he observed, "Your daughter will take her annuity this year with her husband."

To Silver Trail the agent spoke at length. "I am giving you a new ticket. You will, in future, be paid your annuity apart from your father. You will draw also your wife's money." Then taking the young Indian's hand, the agent continued, "I am greatly pleased with the work on your farm, and with your general conduct. You are an example which I



[Photo by G. W. Brinkworth, Regina]

In full regiments, a twentieth century exemplar of the R C M P, a force with a long and honorable record. For many years Regina was the headquarters of the Scarlet Riders of the Plains.



hope other young Indians will follow. It has given me great pleasure to report to the Commissioner on the advancement you are making." To be thus singled out for distinction, was a source of gratification to Silver Trail.

And so summer passed, autumn went and winter came. In the early fall Blue Fawn and her husband abandoned their summer tent and took up their abode in their new house. Here they lived and loved and talked and planned. Their winter home was the centre of the community for social gatherings, with feasts and dancing throughout the long cold months.

Spring was approaching. And then a cloud of sorrow came. Satan entered this happy Eden in the person of an attractive young widow named Red Weasel. In the blindness of her love Blue Fawn saw nothing amiss. Like Mrs. Bardell, "she had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion." Nor perhaps did Silver Trail esteem less highly the good qualities of his young confiding wife. But the polygamous strain of generations surged in his veins and he fell—fell to the wiles of the Weasel.

The sun of the vanishing winter days had begun to melt the snow on the hilltops, when one early moonlight night, sleigh bells were heard and a well loaded "jumper" was seen flying southward.

Red Weasel and Silver Trail had decamped.

Crushed, humiliated, broken hearted, Blue Fawn sought the shelter of her mother's home, where she was tenderly cared for. Long weeks she suffered, more in mind than body. To all her mother's efforts to comfort her there was but one response. "O' Mother, Mother, I am a castaway, a discarded one."

Meanwhile the runaways, who had been traced to Qu'Appelle, had found disfavor in the eyes of the police authorities, with the result that they were sent back to their reserve. On his arrival there in early June, Silver Trail found his home deserted. If he had any expectation that Blue Fawn would welcome his return he was doomed to disappointment. To his father-in-law he confessed his error and sought the old man's influence to secure his wife's forgiveness.

Blue Fawn's proud heart had turned to flint. She was obdurate. Her father urged in vain. "My daughter," he pleaded, "it would comfort my failing years if all this unhappiness could be ended. The one wish of my heart is that I may spend my few remaining days with no cloud between our families."

"My Father, O my Father, there is nothing I would deny you except this. Do not press me. I will not, I cannot yield. He threw me over. I will never forgive. I can never forget. My love for him is dead."

Her grandmother sought to effect a reconciliation. "Grandmother," she exclaimed impatiently, "you have never ceased to remind me that in my veins runs the blood of a long line of Chiefs who ruled our tribes before my good grandfather, Ready Bow. My ancestral pride has been too sorely wounded. My heart has been crushed, I have been humiliated in the sight of our people. I will never again enter his wigwam."

Could the young wife's strong determination be overcome by the persistent efforts of her husband?

Silver Trail was not to be thwarted. Following a tribal custom he called a council of twenty men, comprising all the chiefs and headmen. These met in solemn assembly. The talk was a prolonged one. The general desire was for peace and reunion. The last speaker was Little Sparrow Hawk, a chief of great influence. "We all desire peace," he told them, "but under the laws of our people we cannot compel. We can only advise. Our niece must not be coerced. Her word must be the last word."

Blue Fawn would not yield.

Silver Trail had still another card to play. He would appeal to officialdom. In a few days the annuities would again be paid. He would draw Blue Fawn's annuity. With this semblance of official

recognition as her husband he would present his case to the agent and bring the pressure and influence of the Government to bear in his favour.

The great day came. In his turn Silver Trail presented his ticket, given him the previous year, reading "one man, one woman." Then the blow fell. The agent spoke quietly.

"Silver Trail, your conduct during the past few months has been a disappointment to me. I can scarcely recognize in you the young man who stood before me a year ago. You have treated your young wife shamefully. You have neglected your farm, and in a few short months from being industrious and seemingly honest, you become a gambler and a nuisance. You will be paid five dollars for yourself only. Your wife, Blue Fawn, will be paid separately."

Fateful decision.

The Indian spoke not, but his eyes flashed anger, and his scowl boded ill.

"For his heart was hot within him,

"Like a living coal his heart was."

Then he disappeared and was seen no more that day. Was he seeking—and would he find a solution of the problem?

And what of Blue Fawn? When taking from the agent's hand the annuity of five dollars for herself

alone, what feelings may have filled her heart? Joy or sorrow? Had she now a sense of final separation from her husband? Did she relent? Did she waver in her resolve never to forgive or forget? Did better thoughts prevail? Did her deeply sensitive and susceptible nature undergo some great change?

Let us not forget that in moments of meditation the Indian has a profound sense of the presence of Gitche Manitou, the Great Spirit. The Author of his being is not merely in the remote spaces beyond the clouds, or in some far off recess of the universe. In the wild flowers of the prairies, in the rustling foliage and in the swaying branches of the trees, in the running waters, beside the still pool, in the sighing murmurs of the summer breeze, or in the North Wind's threatening blizzard—everywhere he recognizes the nearness of the Great Spirit and listens to His voice. Did meditation and a consciousness of this presence quell the surgency in Blue Fawn's heart, bringing tranquillity with rekindled love and forgiveness for her husband? Who can fathom the depths of a woman's soul?

This only is known. At an official enquiry, held later, it was learned that at the close of the treaty payments, when the shades of night were falling, Blue Fawn sent for her father-in-law, Big Sky, to come to her wigwam. He came. "Find my husband and

when tomorrow's sun is highest in the sky bring him to me that we may speak together; nothing more," she said, with an air of dismissal. "It is well," answered Big Sky, and departed.

Going straight to Stem Child's tent he related his strange interview with his daughter-in-law, exclaiming, "Our children will now be at peace. Tomorrow's mid-day sun will see them united again. It is well. Let us be glad tomorrow."

Stem Child's only response was, "Yes, brother, it is well, let us be glad tomorrow."

Tomorrow! Tomorrow! What of tomorrow?

Morning was breaking in the east. The purple clouds were putting on their gold and violet to look the fitter for the sun's bright coming. On the south shore of a circular lake, scarcely half a mile in diameter, through whose pellucid waters the shining sand could be seen twenty feet below the surface, an Indian encampment was pitched. Worned with late hour feasting and dancing of the night before, following the annuity payments of the previous day, all slept heavily.

And while the Supreme Controller of our destinies was busy that morning slowly rolling back the last folds of the curtain of night so that His world might be filled with light and beauty and gladness, the people

slumbered still. And as they slept on under the spell of these gracious manifestations of a Father's beneficence did any thought of sudden grief or sorrow or gloom or disaster mingle with their dreams? "The life that now is and that which is to come together hang in such nice equipoise that a breath disturbs the balance."

In a new white tent, pitched in close proximity to that of her parents, Blue Fawn slept, while her little six years old sister, White Swan, nestled at her side. Just as the rim of the sun peeped over the horizon, bringing in a new glad day, Silver Trail stealthily approached the tent. Laying the flap softly back, he entered. Throwing back the blanket which lightly covered Blue Fawn's breast, he aimed a revolver at her heart

and fired. As the crimson life stream gushed from her lacerated bosom and stained the green prairie grass beneath her, she shuddered once, twice—then all was still. Blue Fawn slept her last long sleep.

The gun's discharge broke the stillness of the early morning, and awakened a hundred Indian curs whose yelpings filled the air. Through scores of tent flaps frightened faces peered. At this moment Silver Trail emerged, and ran a few rods away. Then turning his face toward the encampment he pointed the revolver at his own heart, pulled the trigger, threw up his hands and fell a corpse. He was with Blue Fawn now. "In death they were not divided."

—E. C. STEWART

The Ghostly Beauty of a Northern Night

Later in the evening Hansen came down to give notice of what was a remarkable appearance of aurora borealis. The whole sky was ablaze, and high up glowed waving masses of fire. These divided into many colored bands which were writhing and twisting across the sky. * * * It was an endless phantasmagoria of sparkling color, surpassing anything that one can dream

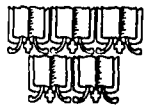
Sometimes the spectacle reached such a climax that one's breath was taken away; one felt that now something extraordinary must happen—at the very least the sky must fall.

* * * For a finale there is a wild display of fireworks in every tint of flame—such a conflagration that one expects every minute to have it down on the ice, because there is not room for it in the sky—Fridtjof Nansen, in *Farthest North*.

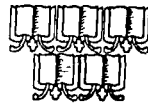
Muskrats in the Lead.

The humble muskrat is by far the most important fur-bearing animal in Saskatchewan. The Saskatchewan Government obtains a tidy sum each year by taking a royalty on all furs purchased in the province.

A total of 1,352,870 muskrat skins were bought in Saskatchewan during the year ending June 30, 1924. Within the same period other skins were purchased as follows: Weasel, 56,659; coyote, 12,490; skunk and mink, over 11,000 each; beaver, 6,204; fox, 5,516. There was also purchased a few hundred fisher, otter and marten skins. They all paid royalties into the provincial treasury.



The Mighty Waters of Prairie Rivers Flow Among Scenes of Varied Splendor



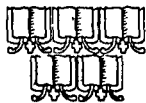
THE poet has yet to be born, and he must be Saskatchewan born for the spirit of the west must flow strongly in his blood and be deep-rooted in his fibre, who will sing of the potent beauties of our two large rivers, known as the North and the South Saskatchewan rivers. The scenery on both is as varied as is their extent in mileage.

The South Saskatchewan enters the province and mingles its waters with those of the Red Deer at the town of Empress. Here it flows through a treeless prairie, but rich in pasturage, and its banks are marked by the boldness of the contours of the smooth billowy hills that fringe its course, which however, is far from monotonous, for between these billowy hills lie delightful ravines and coulees usually clothed, at least for some distance back, with brushwood and low trees which a few years ago abounded with game. Here were the breeding grounds of the graceful antelope, which alas, have almost entirely disappeared.

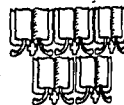
Coming down stream to the rugged hills east of the old crossing of the Saskatchewan Landing and almost

to the South Elbow, where the course of the great river takes an upward turn and flows north, we are in a territory which will be a hunting ground for the explorations of our future scientists, for in this region, vestiges of the huge prehistoric animals that frequented the valleys of this primeval world abound and many remains of saurians have been uncovered here.

From the South Elbow, northward, the verdure in the valley increases until the river reaches the wooded country below Prince Albert. The views on the river until it reaches the confluence with the north branch are very impressive and delightful. The wooded slopes and the receding hills offer pictures which will appeal to future generations of artists. The North Saskatchewan, from the Alberta boundary to its confluence with the South Saskatchewan a few miles east of Prince Albert is characterised by high banks with long wooded slopes, picturesque and resembling a natural park. Even in winter and under severe weather conditions the river valleys take to themselves an impressive white splendor particularly their own.



"Beaucoup De Bonheur" To Qu'Appelle And Points West Sent From Boston



BACK in '83 the Council of the North-West Territories was talking one September night about getting Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat and Edmonton incorporated as cities. A humorist on the council asked, "How about incorporating also the important places, Whoop Up, Stand Off and Slide Out?"

Some months earlier still, Nicholas Flood Davin, with Mr Scarth, M.P., and the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario met at dinner a number of leading Regina men to talk over starting up a paper. Before the name "The Leader" was chosen, proposals were for "The Regina Shaganappy," "The Western Blizzard" or "The Weekly Scalper."

Lots of the vivid and meaningful place-names of Saskatchewan have gone by the board, but the picturesqueness of the names of a few Western Canada spots, and very particularly that of Qu'Appelle has struck a writer on the *Boston Transcript*. He says:

"The fact is that they have arranged the names up north there so that they can't help sounding like war bonnets and wind in the pines. Look at the weather predictions and records in *The Calgary Herald*. It

is clear at Kamloops, but cloudy at Medicine Hat, as indeed, it is at Swift Current and Moose Jaw. It is fair weather at Saskatoon, and we are glad of it. Between West Winsted and Saskatoon we do not like to decide, but we will say we think Saskatoon is a splendid name. "Hello, Yank!" "Hello, Saskatoon!" and both of them understand each other.

It is clear at Battleford, and though this is a more conventional name, it has a good, vigorous sound. And even though it was cloudy at Qu'Appelle, we should like to go there and talk with some courier du bois in his blanket coat. Minnedosa is a graceful name, and ought to be the name of a township with much romance. Though you can't tell—perhaps Minnedosa is remarkable only for its consumption of plug tobacco and spider-bread.

"Then consider a place where they have a fashion review at the Hudson's Bay Company Tea Rooms. We call that class. Without the wild winds are yelling, the biting snow is blown like buckshot. Assorted Indian Chiefs prowl from stockade to stockade, dog sledges dash up and down the main thoroughfares,

bears and snow leopards threaten tired wayfarers,
but within the Hudson's Bay Company's Tea Rooms
the women of Calgary study the Egyptian influence
in the fashions and drink delicious draughts of tea.
Probably they have tea-cake, too. Anyhow that's
what they do up in those parts and along the banks of
the Saskatchewan, and we have nothing like it down
here in tropic Boston.

"Canada is a great country, and it is going to be
much greater. These United States, have reason to
be thankful that they have such a neighbor. Canada
is young and strong and cheerful as a colt. The
Canadians fight among themselves terrifically and say
to the Mother Country just what they think of her.
But this is a purely domestic affair, and should an
outsider, even a Boston man, join in the criticism,
there would be wigs on the banks of the Saskatchewan,
So good luck to Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat, and
beaucoup de bonheur to Qu'Appelle."

That the Boston man was far from exhausting
the pictorial place-names of Saskatchewan these verses
are here to suggest:

There is SHAMROCK on the prairie,
In our good Saskatchewan.

Just the same as in the valley,
Of the dear, sweet Slievenamon.
And if Limerick's in Ireland;
And it's been there quite a time,
We've a LIMERICK midst wheat fields,
That's a Limerick of rhyme
By SAINT DENNIS, let me tell you,
There is many a SILVER STREAM,
With the BRIGHTSAND on the bottom,
'Neath the WHITESTAR all agleam.

By the MAPLE CREEK I've wandered,
And I've crossed the BATTLEFORD;
O'er the FERTILE plains meandered,
And have slept upon the sward
Seen the SOUTH STAR shining brightly,
So SUPERB in ev'ning sky,
O'er the TANGLE FLAGS awaying,
Where the cattle PERDUE lie.
And my SPIRITWOOD not murmur,
When the SUNKIST fields at dawn,
Seemed like YELLOWGRASS of glory—
A BROADVIEW of golden lawn.

BONNIE VIEW is always open
So I'll pitch mine own TEPEE;

Yea, the OUTLOOK's always splendid—
Lake or woodland, BRIARLEA.
By the BROOKSIDE hear the murmur,
Sweet it sings its way along,
Bringing to us thoughts of BROWNING,
Or of COWPER and his song.
Here the busy gopher BURROWS,
As when INDIAN HEAD was raised
Cautiously to scan the skyline,
Where his waiting victim grazed.
In the BUSH the partridge drumming,
In the CORNFIELD rabbits run—
I CANTEL that nature's happy,
Bright beneath the glowing sun.

Let me dine before the sun sets;
Of RED PHEASANT I would eat;
I for this once shall DRINKWATER,—
CRYSTAL SPRINGS are cool and sweet.
In my KAMSACK I will carry
What I cannot eat just now;

For I cannot really FILLMORE,
That's the very truth I vow.
In the vast EXPANSE that calls me,
This bright scene I'll not FORGET,
Though of course I may find later
FORTUNE FORWARD may be set.

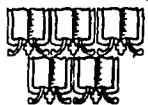
If again I walk old London,
I shall see once more the STRAND,
But for aye I shall remember,
All the joys of this fair land.
SUPREME it is: that blessed fact
Can't be disproved by any quirk.
STRONG its people, and TITANIC
The SUCCESS that crowns their work.
Let me rest, for I have finished;
Slumber's spell falls on mine eyes.
With STARBLANKET you may cover
Me, beneath the starful skies.



[Photo by Weeks and Pugh, Moose Jaw.]

A charming river-bend at Moose Jaw; one of many popular recreation-spots in the neighborhood of that attractive city To make the acquaintance of this gently-flowing river is to have gracious memories of it ever afterwards





Prairies Are Perfumed By Roses and Wolf-willows



BETWEEN the morning in spring when the children find the earliest amethyst crocus and the autumnal day when the last lavender wood-aster is covered by a soft blanket of snow, a constant succession of wild flowers blossom for the adornment of the prairie. Wild roses are the loveliest. June brings these perfumed darlings and the last one is not sleeping till the wheat has ripened and been harvested.

A thousand thousand wild roses on high bushes over-hanging the Saskatchewan and reflected therein as soft pink blurrings,—there is poetry indeed. The prairie roses, restfully close to Mother Earth, elect themselves friends of homesteaders and take particular joy in blooming along the roadside and round the edge of the wheat. In hue from creamy white and palest pink to the deepest crimson blush, the prairie roses add loveliness to the most dazzling summer day and lighten the drabness of the rainiest.

Straw-colored and peach-pink are the wild cactus blossoms. They are larger than roses and seemingly cut from filmy crepe. The cactus flowers do not court publicity. Their unearthly beauty is scarcely made

for other than sun-beams and moon-beams to enjoy. The crumpled silken blooms haunt only tanned, humped-up shoulders of land, and at that they hug the earth closely. A thousand sharpened little needles furnish further discouragement to the finder.

The orange-lily arrives for the Twelfth of July. Its clusters of glowing blossoms, found only among the native prairie-wool, are for all the world like tongues of fire and one almost watches for the grass to catch ablaze from their flames.

Canary-yellow blossoms gleaming among the silvery foliage of wolf-willow bushes perfume the air on summer days with a wild, sweet piquancy that one will never breathe in any sophisticated realm. In all but fragrance, the wolf-willow blossoms might be mistaken for flowering currants, but their aromatic personality is quite their own.

Early in the summer, on the sheltered side of the bluffs one lights upon drifts of whiteness which bring to mind a thought of ghosts of the winter snows. As one nears the shrubbery, the milk-white vision loses its

suggestion of unreality and becomes a shower of wind-anemones, the most waxen of western blossoms and among the most exquisite.

Along the lakes and through the valleys, the air in June holds a fruity fragrance when the breezes are robbing scents from the blossoms of wild plums, saskatoons and chokecherries. The feathery strawberry-colored banner of the three-flowered-avon is known to all prairie-dwellers; and fabulous amounts of gold, red-brown and black paint are required by Nature

for her great canvasses of wild sunflowers, marguerites and black-eyed susans.

Fragile bluebells and wild flax reflect the tender color of the sky. Purple and yellow vetches appear in profusion wherever virginal prairie life remains. Fireguards and ditches by the railways and roadsides are empurpled by fireweed blossoms; and in the late summer golden-rod adds its glow to all the season's glories that are gathered up in the name "Saskatchewan The Golden."

The Humming-Bird is the Masterpiece

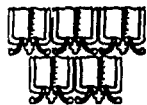
Of all animated beings the humming-bird is the most elegant in form and the most brilliant in colors. The stones and metals polished by our arts are not comparable to this jewel of Nature. Her masterpiece is the little humming-bird, and upon it she has heaped all the gifts which the others may only share.

Lightness, rapidity, nimbleness, grace, and rich apparel all belong to this little favorite. The emerald, the ruby, and the topaz gleam upon its dress. Always in the air, flying from flower to flower, the bird has their freshness as well as their brightness. It lives upon their nectar.

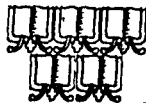
The humming-bird's little black eyes are like two shining points, and the feathers of his wings so delicate they seem transparent. His short feet are so tiny one can hardly see them. One sees the bird stop before a blossom, then dart like a flash to another. He hastens his inconstancies only to pursue his loves more eagerly.—*G. L. Buffon.*

The Prairie-Grass Dividing

The prairie-grass dividing,
Its special odors breathing,
I demand of it the spiritual corresponding,
Demand the most copious and close companionship of men,
Demand the blades to rise of words, acts, beings,
Those of the open atmosphere, coarse, sunlit, fresh, nutritious,
Those that go their own gait, erect,
Stepping with freedom and command, leading not following,
Those with a never-quelled audacity, those with sweet and lusty flesh clear of paint,
Those that look carelessly in the faces of presidents and governors as to say *Who are you?*
Those of earth-born passions, simple, never-constrained, never obedient,
Those of inland America.—*Walt Whitman.*



Thoughts of Saskatchewan *Cured Dolorous One*



SASKATCHEWAN'S river-bends, her yellowed sheaves a-shiver in the sun, her horns of autumn blowing, and her high planets sparkling had got into the blood of many maple leaf wearers, who were in Europe between 1914 and 1918. Lady Astor tells of one of the homesick enamoured:

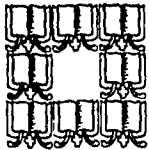
"This boy, this child—he was only 19—from Saskatchewan—the fellows used to call it 'Skitchen,' yes, 'Skitchen,'—and ask him if it was a place in Scotland.

"Well, this boy had seen so much of the horror of war and its tumult that he didn't want to live. He just naturally made up his mind he wasn't going to live. And that was my job—when they didn't want to live, the doctors and nurses turned 'em over to me. It was my job to make 'em want to live.

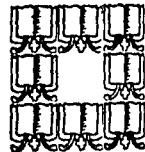
"I didn't go about persuading him to live in the ordinary way. Oh, no. I didn't say 'Buck up, sonny, let's see you smile.' No. I said, 'I know why you don't want to live. It's because you come from Saskatchewan. It's not worth living for. It's an awful place. You haven't got the courage to live for it!

"That got him. 'Gee, Mrs. Astor, it's a lovely place. You oughta just take a look at it sometime! Its the finest place in the world! Why, it's just chock full of natural resources!'

"Yes, that was how I got him to want to live. I used to run down the country he came from—oh, I said awful things about Canada. And he would forget himself, defending Canada."



*Infinite Variety Has Been Lent By
The Incomers From Many Countries
Bringing Distinctive Inheritances*



THE thrill the traveller over the monotonous prairie experiences when he looks across the Qu'Appelle Valley for the first time and realizes that the monotony of the prairie landscape is a myth is a thrill that repeats itself many times in Saskatchewan.

Leave the railroad, buy a flivver, go up and down the land and what surprises you will meet! You will be bowling merrily along and suddenly you are in Old Quebec, in Russia, in Germany, in Iceland.

Even the Gopher Prairies, the Anglo-Saxon communities, have individuality. Yorkton and Swift Current are as unlike as Imogen and Cordelia. The historic cities, Prince Albert and Battleford, smile benignantly upon the blithe new-comers, the hustling live-wire towns, Melville and Shaunavon.

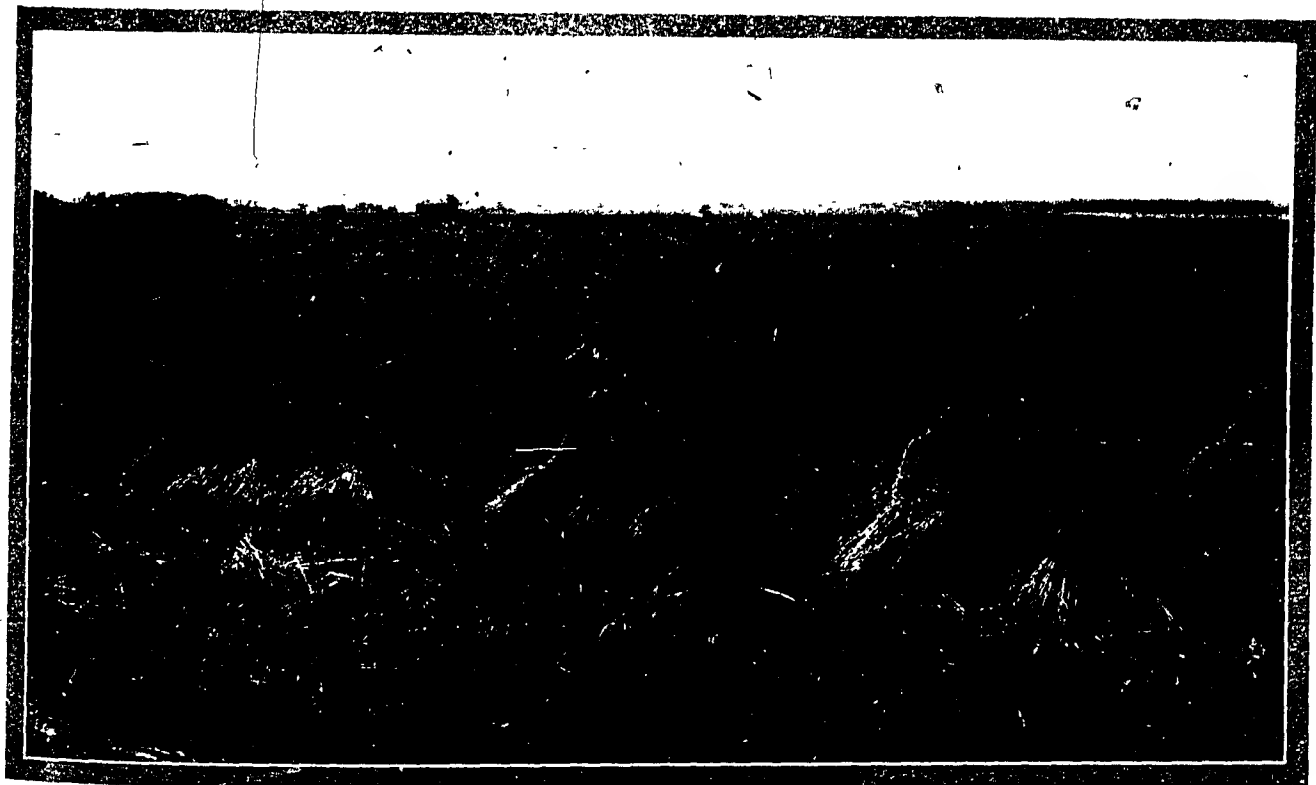
A map of the nationalities of Saskatchewan wears more variations of color than the rainbow ever donned. Sprinkled liberally among the Canadian-born are many sons and daughters of Uncle Sam. Here in the south of the province are two settlements, French and Ger-

man speaking people, with their centres Gravelbourg and Kronau. The walls of the churches in both towns are adorned by paintings done by resident priests, whose work indeed has gone to many distant towns.

Away in the north-east about Muenster is a Roman Catholic German country—a German civilization. Around Rosthern is a Mennonite colony just as different from the others as may be.

Ukrainians and Doukhobors are in widely scattered communities and Scandinavians have gone into the Carrot River country to possess it. Elfros is the centre of an Icelandic civilization. What divergences and complexities of race and religion and philosophy and practice of life!

What of their old-world intellectual inheritances these varied races may bring to help in the making of a distinctive Saskatchewan life? Some common purposes we may hope all will have. The greatest service the schools have rendered or can render is holding up an ideal of prairie Canadianism, which shall unite all



[Photo by courtesy of the Canadian National Railways]

The Year's Fulfillment—Limitless wheat-fields are among Saskatchewan's most characteristic landscapes, scenes like this prompted Kipling's warning

"Take heed what spell the lightning weaves, what charm the echoes shape, Or bound among a million sheaves your soul may not escape"



the peoples who live here in one common love of land, one common respect for whatsoever things are lovely and of good report.

Already the University of Saskatchewan has had graduated from its halls representatives of nearly every race. Many of these have won golden opinions from all sorts of people. In music and painting, art and literature there have been signal achievements already by Pole and Jew and Icelander, and their work is recognized. The paintings of our artists hang in our colleges, colleges and normal schools, and in the University. It is a great thing that a prophet should have honor in his own country, and better than a fantastic homogeneity may be a richly-colored widely-variegated culture based on the best of the civilizations that have come to us.

Culture is not a pious wish in Saskatchewan. The most abounding vitality of interest in art is evident in the widespread enthusiasm in the cultivation of music, and in the very considerable progress in this art. The annual musical festivals in the province are events. And be it said to the everlasting credit of Saskatchewan, it was this province which first conceived and worked out the idea of holding musical festivals. The first provincial musical festival was

held in Regina in 1909, and except for a wartime interruption, each May since then, has had its delights enhanced by these gatherings of songsters and instrumentalists. It was in 1912 that a second province, next door to Saskatchewan, held its earliest festival.

In the cities pre-eminently, but in the towns, too, in the University and in the schools, community players and amateur lovers of the drama foster the art of Siddons and Garrick.

Oratory will not be wanting among us while students continue to contest so keenly for honors in public speaking, as they have done for several years.

A Saskatchewan artist has already won distinction through his portraiture of Indian heads that will constitute a permanent memorial to the passing race; and he has put the same diligence and genius into his charming reproductions of Qu'Appelle Valley landscapes in sun and shade, in seed time and harvest. What he has done for the Qu'Appelle, another has done for the mighty Saskatchewan rolling evermore. Two great paintings done within the province, one with a blizzard as its subject, and another, a prairie fire, have fixed these pioneer calamities for generations to which they may be apt to be mythical. A young Icelandic painter, whose home was for a time at Elfros, has won

the Tiffany prize for painting. His pictures hang in some of the most famous galleries on the continent. Still other painters come to mind who essay to place on canvas the majesty of the Rockies, the beauty of a prairie grove at sunset, a cornfield in the mild autumn noon sun, or fragments of architectural elegance.

Writers have begun to interpret the life of the province. Poets have sung, and sweetly too. We have writers of short stories successful in depicting many angles of the struggle for existence and the little more of the amenities of life (and how much it is!) Three or four novelists among us have had their romances

published. And what a waiting list there is of writers with novels about Saskatchewan.

What material is at hand is hinted at in this little book—an epic of the wheat, a novel to the honor of the pioneer, another picturing the development of a stately city from an unprepossessing mud hole, and a fourth, the life history of the young emigrant who becomes the youngest cabinet minister in the world. (Sober realities in Saskatchewan may well be regarded as romances elsewhere). Nor has been paid as yet the permanent tribute to the scarlet and gold of the North West Mounted Police.

The Color of the North Includes Gold and Crimson Crashes

"Oh, for a beaker full of the warm 'South,' sang the poet, imprisoning in his apostrophe all the color of the lands of the Southern Cross. It is the South that claims the riches of the Master's paint box. Song and perfume for the North, perhaps, but her birds and flowers are neutral and pale of coloring.

Jewel fittings and gold and flame caught forever in the web of them—that is the portion of the southern lands. So the North accepting the view, has worn her mantle of winter white and crowned her head with green leaves and pale flowers. When her eyes have been undazzled after contemplating her vivid sister's garment, she has noticed the violet and grey green lights that play over the white robe and has marvelled at the shadings of the flowers whose harmonies are as a Chopin fantasy.

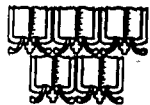
But not all the color orchestra of the North is set in minor keys. She also has her crashes of gold and crimson. The full

miracle of the sunset is hers, and hers the still more characteristic miracle of the Northern Lights. Out from the Pole they steal, glowing, flashing, dancing; fire edges the translucent green. Flittings of birds through the forests, their wings one flash in the light, have not the sustained glory of the aurora that forms, and glows and pales and forms again.

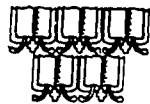
Children of men who in their high moments claim that they have chained the lightning to their bidding, see their work set at naught by these new fairies who weave their magic web in the far skies. This sympathy of color is of the North. The South knows it not.

This season which has so endeavored to coax to us the winds and temperature of the south, has also swung back at intervals the gates of the North and flung out the banners of the Northern polar skies.

—*Manitoba Free Press.*



If You Like These Sorts of Things Why Then You'll Like Saskatchewan



SIX hundred miles of fresh air coming down from beyond the Pole * * * mirages making tipsy the wheat elevators over on the horizon * * * saskatoons purpling and cranberries reddening in amber August sunshine * * * the River Saskatchewan detouring around in the matchless province on its 1,500 mile journey to Hudson's Bay * * * wild geese honking north in breastbone formation * * * tales of Louis Riel.

Whole new towns of clean, white-pine * * * all-alive-o blizzards blizzing from Sassykatoon and points north, south, east and west * * * lowest-on-earth death rate from T.B. or from anything and everything else * * * miles of myriad colored ribbon confetti on auroral nights tossed up to hang on the North Star * * * Scarlet Riders of the Plains * * * Wild duck children dabbling in the lakelets * * * On-To-The-Bay Clubs / * * * whitened buffalo skulls aloft on poles at quarter-section corners for the plough-boy's guidance * * * rust-red squaw-roses in the dust of the trails * * * thirteen million acres (count 'em) of yellowing wheat * * *

frogs croaking somewhere in the immediate middle-west * * * ancient ruins of the sod shacks of the first homesteaders on the bald-headed prairie * * * old serpentine buffalo trails suddenly bumped into by settlers' stakes and new ploughing.

University of Saskatchewan Better Farming Trains * * * children of milk and roses complexion on their way to 4,500 public schools * * * a half-moon eyeing things here below from a heaven of pearl and hyacinth blue * * * homesteaders fighting prairie fires with wet gunny-sacks * * * bounties on coyotes and grey wolves * * * boy premiers, preferably self-made * * * the flash of a humming bird up north on a flying trip.

World sweepstakes won ten times out of thirteen in international competitions by Saskatchewan No. 1 Hard, five of the ten cups going to Dr. Seager Wheeler, and three of them to J. C. Mitchell, Dahinda * * * legends of the Qu'Appelle * * * dried out districts * * * hockey teams faster than greased lightning * * * the Aurora out again acting this time like a rainbow at the end of a very,

very convivial evening. * * * a trio of ocean-to-ocean railways * * * lumber-jacks spending their winter's kale on their way out of the woods * * *

Sapphire-velvet night-skies richly bejewelled *
* * 65 creameries making 'leven million pounds of butter yearly * * * hailstones as large as swallows' eggs doing unspeakable things to the bumper crop * * * Red Cross outposts * * * 65,000 "bugs" and motor cars and 95,000 'phones * * * pale lavender spring crocuses well wrapped in furry coverings. * * * problem of getting all that wheat from the granary to the elevator * * *

"On the Banks of the Saskatchewan" from "The Pink Lady" * * * acres of flamboyant wild mustard * * * squaws from the Reserve with

The rapidity with which Saskatchewan has sprung from bald prairie to a province with a population of 800,000 people is more often spoken of than realized.

A proper sense of the shortness of time in which this province has been developed cannot be conveyed by merely quoting dates. One has to speak in terms of human lives to get the idea over.

A gentleman is still living in the Summerberry district who came to what is now Saskatchewan in the early days of settlement here and broke land at Maple Creek. One day that summer the Governor of the Territories visited his farm.

"You have the finest looking piece of ploughed land I have seen since leaving Portage la Prairie," said the Governor.

black-eyed papooses riding pickaback * * * agricultural fairs * * * mackinaw coats * * * Henderson landscapes and portraits of Indian chiefs * * * worry about the frost, rain, hail, drought, gophers, rust and general demoralization that may happen the growing wheat * * * home brew * * * co-operative organizations * * *

China from native clay * * * provincial musical festivals * * * sun-drenched panoramas * * * the carolling of meadow larks * * * unpenetrated fastnesses up along the 1,000-mile Churchill River, where the great Canadian beaver does his wood-chopping early and where the S. P. P. plays the role of guardian-in-general.

"Would you mind telling me how many ploughed fields you have seen since leaving Portage?" asked the pioneer.

"Three," answered the Governor.

There is something for the imagination of the younger generation to play with.

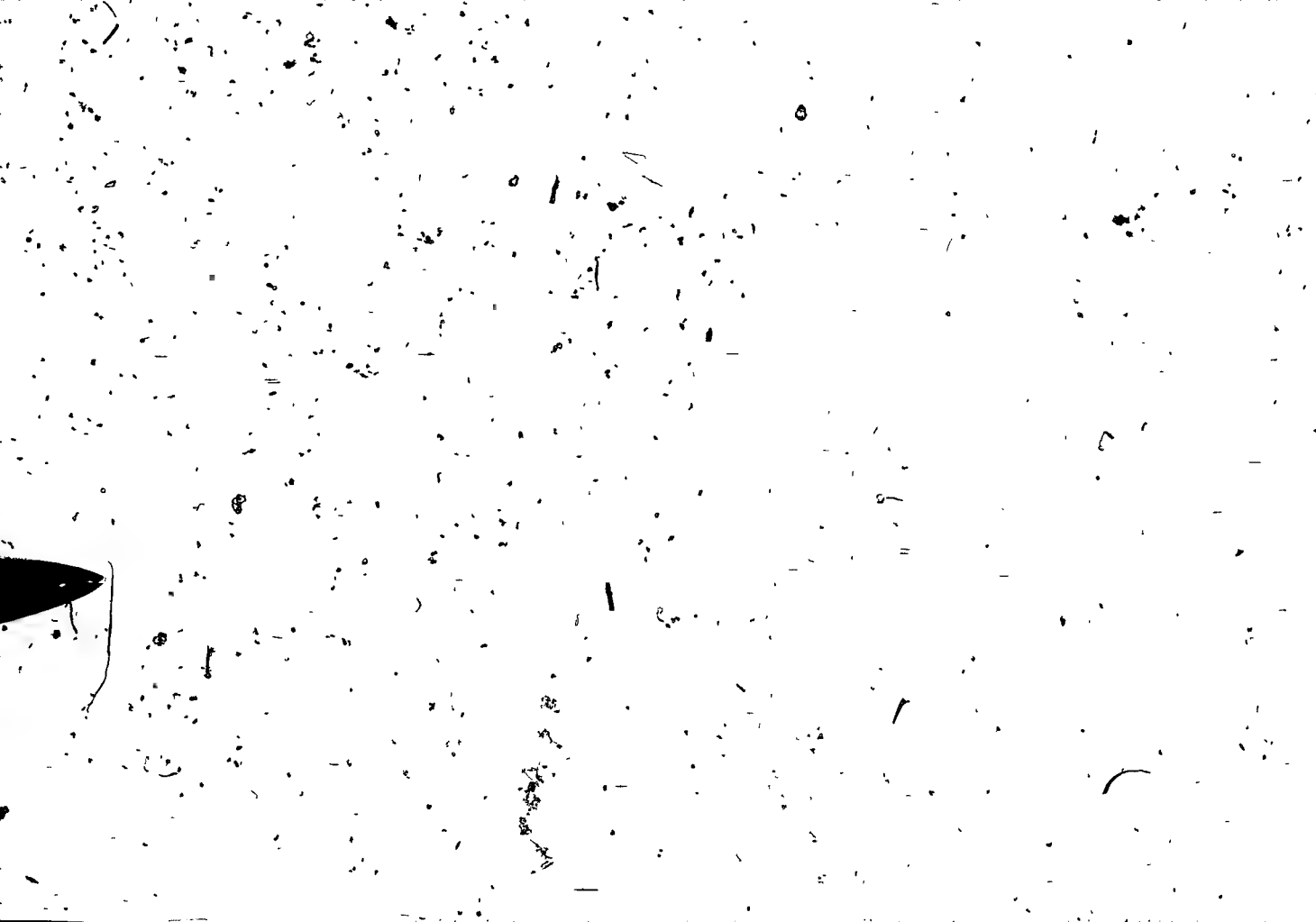
When this gentleman came west he was old enough to be a member of the Mounted Police—and he is not an octogenarian now.

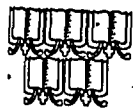
All except those three ploughed fields between Portage and Maple Creek has happened since he came to Saskatchewan.



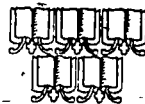
[Photo from the Townsend Studio, Regina, through the courtesy of the Carlyle Town Council]

Carlyle lake, Moose Mountain, is a favorite summer playground in Southern Saskatchewan. beautiful in its ever-changing play of light and shadow, Carlyle lake allures to its sandy beaches holiday-makers from great distances, and offers them famous pickerel fishing, countless wooded driveways and excursion grounds,—varieties of diversion, indeed, to please the most fast cosmopolite.





Links Unseen Bring Into Unison Diversified Folk of "Great Lone Land"



THE spirit of peace, serene, majestic, aloof, spreads her wide wings now as she has for uncounted centuries over Saskatchewan's broad plains and wooded valleys. Those who do not sense this presence above the Western land and who do not think of the unseen links that bind its people into one, find the prairie bleak in winter, dull in summer, lonely at all seasons.

Long ago a visitor to these still, dreaming fields, named the country "The Great Lone Land." Others who followed him thought the name appropriate and many of our transient guests or those who hurry through the province and see Saskatchewan from the train windows, waste much sympathy over the isolation and the loneliness of prairie life.

Life was lonely in the early days for those accustomed to the bustling towns and crowded cities, who, tempted by visions of the fortunes they believed could be made on the rich soil of the West which was theirs for the asking, left with reluctance the close-packed streets with their glitter and noise for the

austere beauty and pregnant silence of the land they came to possess but not to love

The Indian saw with dread, the Metis with hatred, the hunter and trapper and rancher with sorrow, the onrush of the surging tide of land-hungry men, seized with one of the periodical migration fevers which has peopled every corner of the habitable earth. They came from the west and the south and the east and the north; pale city dwellers, talkative and positive and incredibly ignorant; peasants from ancient European nations with the patience and habits of industry and frugality instilled by centuries on the land; shrewd experienced farmers from Eastern Canada and the great republic to the south; dour Scots and canny Yorskiremen and Lancashire men; Welshmen and Irishmen, Norse men, Icelanders, rejoicing in the keen blasts of the North Wind which had sung their lullabies. Railroads and telephone lines and towns and cities appeared because they came. The peaceful silence of the prairie was broken by the creak of the farm wagons which wore deeper and wider the abandoned buffalo trails, soon to be followed by the roar and

whistling of the trains, the hiccup of the tractor, the clatter of the threshing machine, and the cough and rattle of the automobile.

But as the land was taken up and the flood of new settlers subsided, something of the ancient peace came back. As evening falls one has only to wander out a few miles from the town or city to observe how quietly and magically the old spirit of the land casts its spell. The croaking of the frogs in a near-by slough, the harsh call of a belated crow, the whirr of the night hawk, mingle with and subdue the rumble of the far-off train.

As day fades, so fades the evidence of man's dominion. The yellow stubble blends with and is indistinguishable from the prairie grass which covered these plains when the world was young, long before Troy was built or the pyramids begun. The houses disappear and only a flickering light like a low star reveals here and there a prairie home. The hum of the telephone wires seems only the wind talking to itself. On the horizon's edge hangs a row of glittering, lambent lights. We know it is the distant city, but it might well be a prairie fire at night. The broad highway shrinks up again into the narrow prairie trail.

If the land is sleeping under its white winter blanket, the silence is intensified, the scattered homes

appear still further apart; the traveller from New York or London looks up from his magazine in the observation car and marvels how human beings can possibly exist so far apart from each other, isolated and shut off from communion with their fellow men.

He does not see the links, nor that all the institutions of advanced civilization are performing their kindly processes here as in the metropolis. In the farm houses which he can just distinguish are no hermits cut off from their kind, but citizens of the world in closest touch with the rest of the Dominion and with other lands.

Half a dozen daily papers are published in the province and two hundred weekly or tri-weekly journals, and these spread over the province news of the proceedings all round the world. The ringing of a bell gives the people on the farmstead details of the happenings of the district, as important as the doings in the city. The winding of a spring releases the master singers and musicians of the entire earth, whose genius is at their pleasure as much as in the crowded opera house. The turning of a knob carries them wherever they wish, brings to them the actual voices of the rulers of the nations. Their children may dance to the music of an orchestra in Havana or Los Angeles.

Here are citizens of a vast commonwealth of nations, citizens of the great Dominion of the Western Hemisphere, citizens of a province of Empire size. Ties of federal, provincial, municipal citizenship allegiance to a party, membership in farmers' organizations and in co-operative associations; school duties and responsibilities; ties of friendship and neighborliness bind them with hooks of steel to their home and their country.

The motor car has banished distance as the radio has banished space, and while these utilities have dissipated the old loneliness, man has still room in which to breathe and to grow in strength of mind and independence of action denied to those who live in the great towns and are tempted to lean on each other until they can think only as the crowd thinks.

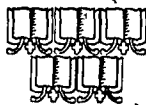
There are countries which are easy to overrun, hard to conquer, whose spirit it is impossible to break, difficult to change. Of such is Saskatchewan: While man continually endeavors to modify his surroundings to meet his whims, he himself is profoundly influenced by his environment.

The lively green of the Saskatchewan spring gives place quickly to the quiet, peaceful gray-brown, the dominant tone of the West, as white is of the north. The clear, keen honest air of Saskatchewan; the wide

open spaces; the stern demands on man's ingenuity and endurance; the requirements of citizenship, the peaceful atmosphere,—all these mould and color the character of its people.

The unfit soon drift elsewhere, but those who are deserving of their heritage recognize here a land where a new race is being born and where our own Saxon and Celtic and Gallic races may again renew their youth in a pasture worthy of their mettle.

Hush, I hear a soft, silken rustling. Night is falling. Gently, swiftly, her scarves of violet gossamer through which the stars are shining, fill the firmament. As the day fades, so fades man's transient dominion over "The Great Lone Land." The stubble blends with the light brown grass which clothed these fields for unknown centuries. Far in the dusky indistinctness on the horizon's edge I see a long glittering row of lambent lights,—it is the distant city, but a score of cities side by side at night would not be as bright nor as beautiful as a prairie fire. Here and there, pin points of light, are the scattered homes on the prairie's breast,—so small a place they fill in the wide, quiet land, they hardly seem intruders, yet in the daytime they dominate the land: The spirit of ancient peace, serene, majestic, beautiful beyond imagining, reigns supreme in her old domain.



Saskatchewan Wild Life Sanctuaries Give Birds and Deer Huge Play-grounds



Saskatchewan has fourteen game bird and wild life sanctuaries covering an area of nearly 4,000 square miles or 2,452,000 acres. Barring the big national parks, it is believed a larger area is devoted to game preserves in Saskatchewan than in any other part of the American continent.

Four of the wild life sanctuaries were established in 1909, eight in 1916 and the remaining two in 1921 and 1923. Pasquia game preserve, north of Hudson's Bay Junction, is the biggest, covering 1,152,000 acres where moose, caribou, deer and a large variety of fur-bearing animals roam at large, free from the menace of the hunter.

The second largest preserve is the Porcupine, located north-east of Hudson's Bay Junction. It covers 360 square miles or 448,000 acres and is inhabited by moose, elk, caribou, deer, fur-bearing animals and game birds.

East of Prince Albert lies the third largest sanctuary in the province, Fort à la Corne, where moose, elk, deer, fur-bearing animals and game birds roam at large free from molestation over 256,000 acres. Big

River game preserve, north-west of Prince Albert, covers 230,000 acres and contains moose, deer, elk, game birds and fur-bearing animals.

Other sanctuaries have been established in the province as follows:

The Pines, south-west of Prince Albert, 102,000 acres, housing deer, fur-bearing animals and game birds.

Moose Mountain, north of Arcola, covering 96,000 acres, elk, deer, fur-bearing animals and game birds.

Beaver Hills, west of Yorkton, 64,000 acres, protecting deer, game birds and fur-bearing animals.

Duck Mountain, north-east of Kamsack, 51,200 acres, giving refuge to moose, deer, game birds and fur-bearing animals.

Cypress Hills, 48,000 acres, sheltering deer, fur-bearing animals and game birds.

Last Mountain Lake, north end, 2,500 acres, protecting game birds.

In addition there are the game preserves at Wascana Lake, covering 1,000 acres for the protection of game birds; North and South Saskatchewan river

game preserves sheltering deer and game birds; Dundurn game preserve of 63 square miles, affording protection for deer, fur-bearing animals and game birds.

Game guardians patrol all the game preserves and hunting, shooting and trapping are forbidden within their confines. "It is a recognized principle

of game conservation," says the chief game guardian, "that in order to maintain the supply of game, sanctuaries should be established where game may take refuge and raise their young without molestation. The overflow from such reserves, properly maintained, will furnish abundant sport for miles around the preserve."

Dinosaurs Once Romped in our Back Yard

Fossilized bones of the giant animals that reigned three to six millions of years ago were recently discovered near Muddy Lake, in the Unity district last autumn. The discovery has been reported to the University of Saskatchewan and the Dominion Government. The deposits have been identified as a typical bone bed of the Cretaceous age. It is the first discovery of its kind in Saskatchewan.

But other traces of earlier aeons have been accepted for more than a mystery and a sign. The animals of old are brightly made to seem like former neighbors of ours by a writer on the *Saskatoon Star*:

These very plains have seen the whole process of development, and their breasts bear testimony to it. As man searches the slopes, and digs into the mines of this province, "the wheat province," so called, he finds evidence that Saskatchewan's story is not wanting in excitement, and in archaeological interest.

Aeons ago a mighty sea swept over the land that is now Western Canada. Coral and mollusks abounded upon its bed, eels wriggled their way through the murky waters, and man was not yet known.

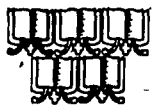
Time rolled on, land appeared, and with it came the dinosaur. There is no doubt that there were dinosauria here. Sternberg, the famous student of geology from the Smithsonian Institute, unearthed the fossilized skeletons of several, some years ago, at

Drumheller, while Prof W G Worcester, head of the ceramics department, College of Engineering, University of Saskatchewan, found fossils of dinosauria, of a still earlier period than those found by Sternberg, as he carried on investigations of clay deposits near Empress, during the past summer.

The field stone used in building the various structures at the University of Saskatchewan, quarried just north of Sutherland, is full of fossils of mollusks, and corals. A bivalve, 12 inches in diameter, with a beautiful shell of mother of pearl, brought from Eastend, is another proof that in the Devonian period there were mollusks aplenty here. Oyster soup had not come into being then, however, because it wasn't until years later that man first began to walk the earth.

Long years after this time, in the glacial age, the great masses of ice swept south and westward, scraping some of the bedrock from Manitoba off her slopes, and carrying it into Saskatchewan. It is from outcroppings of these deposits that the rock is quarried north of Sutherland. The glaciers melted and a huge lake, which spread over Eastern Saskatchewan, Manitoba, North Dakota and Minnesota, known as "Lake Agassiz" was formed. The waters escaped through Hudson Bay. Lakes Winnipeg and Winnipegosis remain to tell the story.

But in spite of all this people will call Saskatchewan "a young country."



Westerners Wear No Solemn Faces While at Nation Building and Wheat Raising



Many a Canadian born Saskatchewan homesteader sharpened his wit in the early years of the century on the absurdities committed by "green Englishmen" who came west to start life all over again and who had not supposed there were so many things for a town-bred man to unlearn while he was proving up on his "ranch." If the new settler chanced to be a "remittance man," so much more was he considered fair game for the local humorists. But while Saskatchewan has been growing up there have been many amusing incidents recorded, and by no means all of them have been hung-on the ex-Londoners.

One joke that was played thirty years ago may have known no repetition. Gruesome as they sound, there are old-timers who vouch for the facts being these. A coffin arrived in Prince Albert having been freighted overland via Qu'Appelle from some point not named. One of the Scarlet Riders of the Plains stationed at the charming little town on the North Saskatchewan saw the long black box coming over the trail and being delivered at a door where no deaths had been and which was *not* the undertaker's. The

west was "dry" theoretically, and the mounted police were the enforcement officers. The Prince Albert Mountie looked suspiciously at the coffin. His suspicions *proved to be well founded.*

* * * * *

Dating from the same part of the temperance 'nineties has been handed down a legend where the joke was on the red-coats. One day two Regina officers were instructed to meet a freight train and take off two barrels of beer that were known to be on board. The train arrived and the officers found the barrels and rolled them to the back of the platform up against the protecting rail. While waiting for a rig from the Barracks to arrive and take the barrels back to headquarters (under legal confiscation proceedings, of course), the two policemen decided, in view of the presence of a number of thirsty looking individuals who eyed the barrels with watery mouths, that the best way to guard them was to sit on them. Accordingly they took their seats, lit their pipes and proceeded to gaze solemnly and unblinkingly at the horizon.

Half an hour passed by. The watery-mouthed citizens could stand it no longer. A hurried little meeting was held out of earshot of the policemen and two members of the party disappeared. A while later, the police rig arrived; the barrels were loaded on, and off to headquarters they went, the guarding constables complacent over the knowledge of duty well done.

What the constables at that moment did not know, however, was that the two watery-mouthed citizens who had disappeared from the meeting had crept up under the barrel under the platform, gently inserted a gimlet, bored holes in the barrels and extracted the liquid that both cheers and inebriates by means of a small length of rubber tubing and let it flow into another receptacle, and that the barrels went on their way to the barracks full of emptiness.

* * * * *

There's a rather hoary-headed joke extant that has all the ear-marks of having been evolved by a wheat grower accustomed to the safe level of his 640 acre prairie section who later moved to an Okanagan Valley farm on the side of a hill. "Gosh all hemlock!" he is quoted as saying when he came up dripping out of the lake, "that's the third time I've fallen off my farm this morning."

The claims of rival cities give the funsters the opening they want, and of course it was a Saskatonian who started the rumor that a cow had wandered along beside Wascana Lake (Regina's chief marine glory), and had drunk it up.

* * * * *

"The Eternal General" was the name by which a little neighbor friend of Attorney General T—— always seriously called him. Another prairie urchin just as unconsciously stumbled on this for a hymn, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary; the Bible tells me so," and put herself into the class of the eastern child who sleepily prayed, "Give us this day our daily bread, yo ho ho and a bottle of rum." With just as little thought of irreverence in his mind, a four-year-old Regina cherub called out "Attaboy, Jesus!" when, standing at an open window he heard a terrific crash of thunder.

* * * * *

It is within the memory of lots of us now living that an M.L.A. was being read out of the provincial house. Not so very many on the government side of the house, and none of the opposition members, knew the deed was going to be done that day.

The premier of that time was far from taking the matter lightly, and the very strain of what he had to do was responsible for his speaking in an even, quiet tone, as who should say, "This clause is a mere matter of form and is being read just by way of conforming to the rules of the house."

A member on the opposite side of the house to whom the announcement was as much a bolt from the blue as to the others later remarked, "We should have matched the premier's casual tone by replying 'The h--- you say' and letting it go at that."

* * * * *

A former member of the government, one who was for a good many years a cabinet minister, was noted for his carelessness in dropping h's, and he is still quoted as having offered this advice during a session when the production of bacon was being urged: "I 'ope the 'Ouse will take the 'int to 'art and encourage raising 'ogs!" It's apocryphal, but it may be true.

The same politician is remembered by the ungodly for sending another gale of laughter through the crimson-carpeted room. It was before Mr. L— became a member of the government. He was giving an address in the Legislature in which he vigorously attacked the system of sheriffs. He was describing

with his peculiar picturesqueness the "viciousness" of the sheriffs, "robbing the women of this country, robbing the farmers, stealing their lands," and so forth, when the attorney general turned towards Mr. L— and in a tone of scorn said "Oh, shucks."

Without the slightest pause or change of voice Mr. L— continued, "And, Mr. Speaker, I refuse to be 'shucksed' by the attorney general or anyone else," to the great amusement of the House, and particularly, of the attorney general.

* * * * *

In the early days in Saskatchewan it was the custom for a judge of the Supreme Court to be accompanied when on circuit by a member of the R.N.W.M.P. from the Regina headquarters. On one occasion, at Prince Albert, the mounted policeman who accompanied the court from Regina, was quite young and, obviously, attending his first court. The judge's secretary had provided the policeman with a typewritten copy of the formal wording for the opening of court which, in those days, was as follows: "Oyez, oyez, oyez. All persons having anything to do at this regular sitting of the Supreme Court of Saskatchewan for the judicial district of Prince Albert, draw near,



1. The Churchill River Government

- There is something stirring all the time here along the Churchill river in the northern part of the province towards which the frontiers of civilization are being pushed, the indescribable grandeur of many a scene along this thousand mile river takes one's breath away.



give your attention and you shall be heard. God Save the King."

Mr. Mounted Policeman, when the judge had taken his seat, proceeded to open court. All went well, although he was plainly quite nervous. As he proceeded with the above rigmarole, however, he seemed to gather confidence and by the time he got within a few words of the end he decided he did not need his cue-sheet. So he proceeded in a loud and deep voice: "Draw near, give your attention and you shall be heard." Just the faintest pause, to lend a dramatic touch to the proceedings and then, to the amazement of everyone in the court room, came the words. "So help you God."

* * * * *

Ripples of amusement over certain pink and blue cards spread widely over the prairie a few seasons ago, and even yet a mention of these crisp little pieces of paste-board in the infantine shades sets the survivors of the party smiling. Kissing goes by favor in Saskatchewan as elsewhere—but for less romantic purposes westerners are not in the habit of paying deference except when and where they choose. So it came as an irresistibly funny joke when, for some social function at the Legislative Building, in the absence of the Premier,

cards of one complexion were issued for part of the guests entitling them to use the main entrance, and cards of a different color were received by the others on the invitation list requesting them to use the western door. "What color is your card?" became the question of the hour. On the day before the party a pair of deputies met in the corridor at the Building and the inevitable query came out, "Is yours pink or blue?" "It's neither; mine's white!" was the reply. "Good-night!" retorted the first deputy, "then you have to get in by the coal-chute!"

* * * * *

While presiding over a court at Moosomin on one occasion the late Chief Justice W—— found it necessary to enlist the assistance of a young lady from a local law office as court stenographer, the official stenographer having been taken suddenly ill.

The late Judge E——, one of the most rapid cross-examiners in the west, was engaged in examining a witness who was just about as fast a talker as he himself. Chief Justice B—— was acting for the other side, and, after a while, noticed that the young stenographer was having a hard time keeping up to the two talkers.

"I don't wish to interrupt my learned friend," said Judge B—— to the Chief Justice, "but I would remind him that the stenographer is not an expert and would suggest that he slow up a little."

The Chief Justice glared over the top of his desk. "Are they going too fast for you?" he said to the stenographer.

"Oh, no," she replied sweetly. "I'm getting most of it."

* * * * *

Anyone acquainted with the province would never connect Saskatchewan with seas, but a few years ago, a man was actually found guilty of "piracy on the high seas" in Saskatchewan.

Two farmers, living on adjoining homesteads in the northern part of the province, fell foul of one another, as neighbors occasionally do. The dividing line between the two farms was a slough, part of which was on the land of Farmer Jones and the other part on the land of Farmer Smith.

One Sunday morning, Farmer Jones decided a duck dinner would be very nice so he got into his flat bottomed boat and proceeded around his part of the slough in search of a mallard. Finally he shot one and it fell into that part of the slough on Farmer Smith's land.

Unthinking, Farmer Jones rowed on and got the duck. Next morning he was summoned by Farmer Smith for "shooting on a Sunday" and "trespass."

The case came before a local J.P. in the ordinary way and the constable prosecuting, instead of outlining in his information the wording of the section under which the defendant was charged, merely stated that the defendant was charged with the offence contrary to section so-and-so of the Code.

The evidence was heard and the J.P. announced that the judgment of the court was that the defendant was guilty. He then turned to the code to read the section to the defendant and also to ascertain what the penalty was.

Judge of his surprise when looking up the section he found that he had declared the defendant to be guilty of piracy on the high seas, the penalty for which was hanging! And all on account of the constable putting in the wrong section number.

* * * * *

When Senator C—— was a member of the provincial government, and during the period when he was minister of telephones, there came a session when a number of questions were asked anent his department by a member of the opposition.

Twenty questions were down on the order paper for reply, all having to do with telephones, pole miles, wire miles, and other technical points.

A few days after the question was formally asked, and just at question time, two page boys entered the Chamber staggering under a huge load of documents. These were very carefully laid on the table of Mr. C—.

The question being asked, Mr. C— got up to reply. "In reply to the honorable gentleman's questions, . . .," he started. He then took up some of the documents and it appeared to everyone in the

House that for the next two or three hours the minister would be answering the questions put. "In reply to question Number One," continued Mr. C—, "the answer is No. Questions two to twenty are answered by Number One." And then he sat down.

In the silence that followed the two page boys gravely rose from their seats, picked up the mass of documents from Mr. C—'s table and staggered out of the House to the accompaniment of roars of laughter in which the opposition member who had asked the questions heartily joined.

—G. J. JOHNSON.

Can You Name It?

It has the lowest death rate of any subdivision of the Empire.

It possesses a climate that produces the highest grade wheat in the world—and virile men and women.

It manufactured last year 10,867,010 pounds of creamery butter and 19,000,000 pounds of dairy butter.

It has the largest initial grain-handling concern in the world.

It has seven cities, 80 towns and 357 incorporated villages.

It is rich in wild animal life and its numerous rivers and lakes teem with a large variety of fish.

It has a signal lignite coalfield containing between fifty and sixty billion tons of coal.

It is intelligently and conservatively administered.

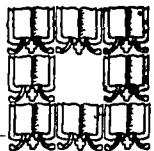
It is orderly and law-abiding and a good place to live in.

It is Saskatchewan.

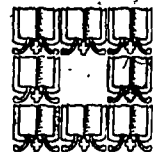
Five Strands of National Character

Our buoyancy is partly psychological. Youth, normal youth, is always joyous, and we are healthy and young. But I would like to think, and do think, that it cannot all be explained away like that. It is too fundamental a quality in us . . . For buoyancy is the fifth dominant element in the national character, the inseparable companion of proportion, self-reliance, generosity and candor.

Guard these five, O citizens, as your greatest treasure. They are the promise of national grandeur to come. Out of them I foresee emerge a mighty race, cool, confident, chaste, executing righteous judgments, spreading abroad on earth a new gospel of broader humanity, erecting spiritual light-houses, kindling beacon fires for races yet unborn—to pass on the never-dying, ever-brightening flame—From *The National Character* in W. A. Deacon's "Pens and Pirates."



A Titled Pioneer Mends a Wheel and Gives Saskatchewan's Third City a Picturesque Appellation



With the jawbone of an ass, Samson slew the Philistines.

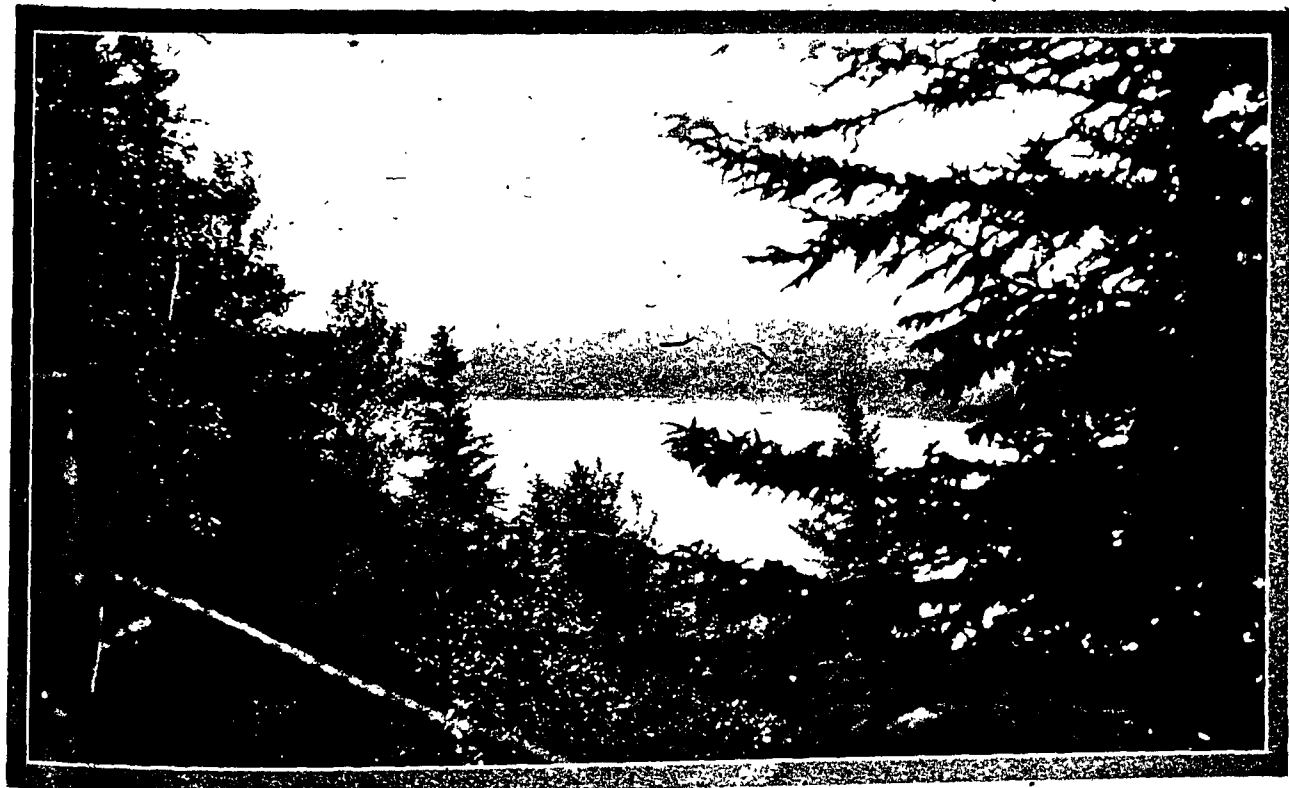
With the jawbone of a moose, a pioneer trailing across the prairies mended the wheel of his ox cart—and gave the third largest city of the province its name. Where Lord Dunsmore camped sixty years ago now stands the flourishing city of Moose Jaw, a divisional point on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Over the ground that then resounded only to the hoofs of the buffalo and Indian pony, and the occasional pioneer's oxen, now thunder express trains in every direction, and heavy freights with their burdens of golden grain. The Canadian Pacific Railway yards at Moose Jaw are the third largest individually-owned railway yards in the world.

Situated on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with direct connections to St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago and branch lines radiating from it throughout the province, Moose Jaw is admirably equipped to serve the rich agricultural district of

which it is the centre. This district comprises one of the finest grain producing areas on the continent.

Within recent years diversified farming has made a notable advance in the territory which Moose Jaw serves. A large amount of live stock is shipped from this territory every season through the Southern Saskatchewan Co-operative Stock Yards in Moose Jaw. The splendid railway facilities the city enjoys have been the foundation of an industrial development second to none among the cities of Saskatchewan. The agricultural character of the tributary country is reflected in the industries that have been established, among which flour milling and the manufacture of dairy products hold prominent places. A government internal elevator with a capacity of 3,500,000 bushels of grain is located in the city.

All these factors have combined to make the growth of Moose Jaw both rapid and permanent. The population of the town in 1901 was about 1,500. The population of the city now is 20,000. The city



Stealing up on the River Saskatchewan as it passes the new and pictorial town of Nipawin, this pleasing view is won, -- "a width
a-shining peace." One could wish to have a hundred years to live for the sake of discovering all the majestic scenes offered by the
rivers and lakes of Saskatchewan.



is situated on Moose Jaw Creek in a rolling country. Well laid out streets that are admirably lighted, a compact business section of substantial structures, attractive dwellings and handsome churches, schools and other public buildings are the outward and visible signs of a progressive public spirit, which has made Moose Jaw what it is and is the city's surest guarantee of continued growth and expansion.

Although widely known as a railway and manufacturing centre, Moose Jaw is much more than that. Cultural and commercial affairs have kept step. Two imposing collegiate institutes, many splendid public school buildings and a thriving boys' college testify to an endeavor to afford the youthful citizens the opportunity to become well-equipped and competent members of society. Of their churches and their public library, Moose Jaw folk are justly proud.

Newly-Crowned Wheat King.

The world sweepstakes in wheat have been won ten times out of thirteen by Saskatchewan. The present king of the earth in a wheat-growing way is J. C. Mitchell, Dahinda, Sask. His Marquis Hard Red Spring Wheat at Chicago, Dec. 2, 1924, brought the wheat laurels to Canada for the thirteenth time since 1910, when the competition was established. Mr. Mitchell's wheat has won the coveted trophy three times.

The future of Moose Jaw is assured; for the city is founded upon the solid rock of agriculture, adequately served in the matter of railway communication with its markets. The city owns its public utilities, which have been conservatively and successfully managed. The location of the city on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Winnipeg to Vancouver, as well as on the Soo Line, which links it up with the principal cities of the north-central states, assures it a multitude of visitors, whom a wide-awake citizenry is not slow to turn into friends.

Were Lord Dunsmore to return today to the spot where he mended the wheel of his cart with the jawbone of a moose he would see in the achievements of sixty years a reflection of the spirit which has made Saskatchewan what it is.

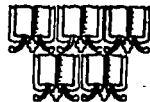
—H.B.

Saskatchewan Has Become Home

Very few outside the natives of the country intended in the earlier days to make the Territories their permanent home. Most of us expected to make a fortune and return East to live. How times have changed! But we are still at the very outset. The opportunities for young men and women are unlimited, and as they do not have to put up with the strenuous times the early settlers had to face, they have more time than we had for the cultivation of the finer arts.—Lieutenant-Governor Newlands, at Convocation, U. of S.



Northlands Always Are Beckoning on The Lean Old Men With-Creaking Bones



North—north—north
Plunging toward the Pole;
The horses pound and the oxen plod
And the tin-horn crooks and men of God
Are all on the muster roll.

There's sound of the usual things
That lie in a wagon bed;
Iron that chinks and rings
Like broken chains of the dead;
And clatter of household tins,
And tinkle of hidden glass,
And feet as heavy as lead
Tramping the prairie grass;

"Forty crowded years ago
Up from Iowa men came;
Young and lank and bullock-strong,
And ripped the tough Dakota plain
With bellowed curse and crack of thong;
Upsprung the rustling lakes of grain,
Its promise changed to flame of gold,
But ease was cursed until they sold
And faced the Northern trail again."

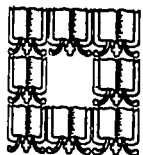
North—north—north—
Into Saskatchewan;
Rolling over the Border Line,
Baggage and beast and man:
Rolling up on the Old Bone Trail
In the wake of the buffalo—
Grim-eyed men in the power of prime
Plunging into the snow.

North—north—north—
Under the sun and moon
I saw them raising the shacks and tents
Of an early Saskatoon:
Hammering mightily, breeding there,
Breaking the sod and seeding there,
And ever with gamblers' eyes
Peering afar for a fateful star
That hangs in the Northern skies.

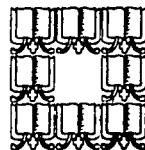
North—north—north—
They were going, and still they go;
They are breaking the far Peace River lands
Where it's seventy-five below—
Where it's seventy-five below
In the Borealis glare,
They have broken the sod, and by grace of God
The wheat is greening there.

North—north—north—
Far up in Mackenzieland,
There may be a plot where the soil is hot
And a crop of grain may stand;
So the lean old men with creaking bones
Will out of their chairs and go,
Buckle traces to blind old teams
And head them into the snow—
Into the heart of a lonely land
That leads to the lifeless Pole,
As long as a weary foot may stand
Or a creaking wheel may roll.

—Leyland Huckfield in "The Midland."



*From London, Dublin, Russia, Yamaska; From—
Heligoland, P. Q., and Trondheim They
Seek Fortunes in North Saskatchewan*



At the gates of the Great Lakes of Saskatchewan is the debonair and charming city of Prince Albert,—a northern city as cities go in the province, but at that 100 miles south of its centre. Historic bodies of water beyond Prince Albert, not to name the rivers again, (lest the unacquainted think too much pride in them is felt), are Montreal Lake, Lac la Ronge, Lac la Plonge, Lac de la Ronde, Lake Waskesieu, Ladder and Crooked lakes. Of the \$300,000 worth of fish caught in Saskatchewan in a year 90 per cent. are from Prince Albert waters.

But it is the landmen from that part of the province who are about to figure in this article. The annals of the actual folk described were taken from a recent number of the Prince Albert *Daily Herald*. They read like romances, but what happenings in Saskatchewan do not?

* * * * *

Roland McIntosh has a 320 acre farm, all broken, with 250 acres in wheat. Robert Close has 640 acres, and last year he had 185 acres in wheat. He shipped

5,500 bushels, an average of about 30 bushels to the acre. This year he is putting in 240 acres. J. R. Waterhouse is pre-eminently the cattleman and cattle expert of the district. Last year he shipped out four carloads of wheat. He owns 50 head of pure bred Shorthorns. A. K. Field has been a farmer in Parkside a long while. He hails from Minnesota. His holdings total 640 acres, and last year he shipped 9,000 bushels of wheat off 300 acres. W. E. Cummings is one of the wealthiest farmers of the district, and has 640 acres of land. J. A. N. White has 40 acres in wheat, most of his 320 acres being good hay and grazing land. Dan Belfry, who hails from Ontario, Haliburton county, to be specific, farms 320 acres, and has built a fine \$4,000 house. He has 125 acres in wheat and last year he shipped out 32,000 bushels. All these are but representatives of scores of farmers in the district.

* * * * *

Heligoland Was Never Like This!

My name is Olaf Engebregtsen. I am from Lurey, Heligoland. I came from Lurey to Ottawa in

1904, and worked at the Ottawa steel works, then went to Kimbourne, Ont. I arrived at Prince Albert on August 28, 1904. Remained in the city two years, then came to Spruce Home. The two first settlers here were O. Nelson Grannum and Ed. Wiggin, both from Norway. I was next to them. I have 160 acres — of land, and of that 100 acres is in crop. But, my milkers! It is these I want you to see. Look at the yearling bull, Holstein. A fine dandy, eh! A registered Holstein. Those others are good grades.

"Yes, on summerfallow wheat last year I got 38 bushels to the acre. That shows you what there is in summerfallow. It gives food to the soil and makes it good for the year to follow. At first I raised oats consecutively. But now I rotate the crops.

"The cows, yes? — I am sending now about 100 pounds of butterfat to the creamery every month, five months in the year. Then, I have, too, from 15 to 20 pigs. But, if you want a real horseman, go to Carl Larson. He has 30 of them."

* * * * *

Leask is one of the most British of the districts of Northern Saskatchewan. It is progressive and full of vigor. Like most of the towns on the C.N.R. Prince Albert-Battleford line its real history dates

back to about 1910, although there were many settlers before that. George B McKay is an old timer, even as old timers go in Saskatchewan, and came to Prince Albert in 1876. He is reeve of the rural municipality.

Fred A. Smith is Secretary of nearly everything under the sun in the district, and general adviser to the community at large. He is an Englishman of the old school.

* * * * *

What was Canwood twelve years ago? A giant forest. What is Canwood today? A clean, well built little village, centre of what is reputed the most populous rural area in the West. This is given on the authority of Alex. McOwan, Canwood. What is the most noteworthy fact about Canwood? Its great fields of grain, all of them showing up well.

The village has a population roughly of 250 people, with an adjoining rural population of easily 4,000, or 1,250 families.

There are a few farmers with half sections and more. The majority own a quarter-section of land each. Mr. McOwan owns by far the largest acreage of anyone in this district. Whether this was 6,000 acres or less he would not say. Alex. Rasmussen owns and works 880 acres, and the Wilson brothers own and work



[Photo by W. L. West.

What Corot did to immortalize the beauty of the landscapes of France, and what Constable did to immortalize the beauty of the landscapes of England, Henderson is doing to immortalize the landscapes of Saskatchewan.



a half-section. Wilfred Carlson owns a half-section, and of this, he has cleared two hundred acres in twelve years. The lowest average yield in wheat for any year is recorded at 17 bushels to the acre; the average last year was 25 bushels to the acre, and the best average recorded, that in 1922, was 30 bushels to the acre. On one thirty-acre field in 1922, an average of 34 bushels of wheat to the acre was recorded, and this was said to be representative of many fields around the village.

* * * * *

He skipped over from Skipton, England, did Bill Mattock, and pretty soon another Skipton skipped into its appointed place in a new land,—to wit Skipton, Saskatchewan. Bill Mattock is one of the most widely known old timers of a new country. He has been in the Leask-Marcelin country ten years and owns 1,000 acres nine miles east of Marcelin. What he doesn't know about horses, dogs, sheep, cattle, goats, nannies, bacon hogs, and thick smooths, no one else need worry about. He is one of the big men of a big district. His farm is one of the show places of the north country, and he vies with Evariste Beaulac, R. H. Horner, William Johnson, of Blaine Lake, and others, as an out and out farmer and cattleman.

"Oh, I don't know, seems to me a chap can get on all right, if he wants to. Why man, when I came here to Blaine Lake I had next to nothing to begin on. And I did very little speculating either. Honest, I don't know why some people can get on and others can't. Something a feller would need to study up.

"I have thirty-five head of cattle, nothing to boast of. I have about eight quarters of land; let's see, that's say 1,200 acres. Crops have been pretty good on the whole. I cleaned up an average of 30 bushels to the acre on 325 acres of wheat last year.

"Yes, I am Reeve of Blaine Lake. Came here from Shawville, Pontiac, P.Q., side of the Ottawa river, in 1907. My cousin, R. B., who owns a bunch of quarters the other side of town, came with me. Father had a 300-acre farm, so we were raised up to it.

"Take it all 'round the trick maybe is done by grinding away at what you decide to do, and hang on through all weathers."

* * * * *

One gathers that these people like their home: Eldersley is not only the last best spot of the West, but the best of the West has been kept till the last, for Eldersley surpasses anything on the North American

continent, writes the *Herald* scribe. At Eldersley we have rich soil—pure leaf-mould of thousands of years' accumulation, upon rich clay loam, with clay sub-soil. Clover grows wild all along our roadsides. Raspberries are everywhere. Pea vine makes its headquarters here and clover helps it in enriching the soil with nitrogen gathered from the air. Ferns grow here, and mosses—something never seen on the prairie. Wild honeysuckle grows and blossoms everywhere and Virginia creeper entwines around the underbrush in the woods.

And the trees! The poor dwellers on the prairie are afraid of them! Because they can plow the prairie without let or hindrance, and they cannot plow bush land until they have cleared it, they think it is a lifetime's work getting started in a bush country. However, that may be in other places, it is not so at Eldersley. The bush is your best friend. It enriches you. It gives you a sure home and warm, snug buildings, and all you need is an axe. There is instant sale for cordwood. In fact, many storekeepers "grub-stake" a new settler and let him pay his bill with cordwood. Thousands of cords of wood are shipped out from Eldersley annually to the dwellers on the prairie, who have not a stick in the universe, unless they buy it; and while you are cutting the cordwood you are clearing

your land, and when you have no more wood on your farm to sell you have your crops.

A story told me by Dr. Rice, will illustrate the point I wish to make. A returned soldier took up a quarter-section homestead here. The Soldier Settlement Board's officers asked the settler if he would be needing a soldier's loan from the board. The young fellow looked surprised and avowed: "I have an axe, and a saw and a cant-hook—what the h—— do I want a loan for?"

And the fact is, there is a living, and a good, all-the-year round living, at Eldersley for a man who will work, and all the time he is working there is the promise of sure good fortune for him later, for he will be the owner of land unequalled in richness of fertility; unequalled in abundance of yield, unequalled in certainty of crop, by any other land in Canada or the States.

* * * * *

George Scherztobitoff, of Marcelin, is a councillor, and a Doukhobor to boot, one of the most progressive members of his community. He came to this country twenty-three years ago, and began farming on his own fifteen years ago. He now has an 800-acre farm, with 310 acres sown to wheat. Last year he got 12,600

(U)

bushels of wheat off 360 acres, an average of 35 bushels to the acre. This was pretty well the average for the district, and was duplicated many times over with great tracts of wheat producing areas. Off 25 of his 360 acres he received a threshing of 1,125 bushels or an average of 51 bushels to the acre.

Mr. Scherztohitoff got a friend of his to come out into the great, wide spaces of Canada from his home town in Russia, Karss. She came, a very giantess, Miss Anne Boresoff. They were married on December 12, 1913, and have three children, Mike, Tollie and John. The farm comprises, besides the happy little family and the eight hundred acres of land, twenty-three horses.

* * * * *

"Oh, I come from Trondheim, many, many years ago. Then I go to the Dakotas. I was at Grafton, Dakota, a nice city, but I wanted to look for nice land, and tried Montana, then Alberta, then after a while, Saskatchewan—Canwood. I stay here.

"Yes, I am seventy-two year old, I begin here twelve year ago. I have a quarter section, and one hundred acres cleared and in grain.

"Yes, mine a nice place. I think of my place as some people they think of music—it is me, and I am it.

"Yes, when I came here twelve year ago, there was the Cavell place. He sell it. Wilfrid Carlson he buy it. All forest. Hard, oh, very hard I grub out part of a day; next day me and the oxen we take stumps away. All the time for a long while we do this. But now we have fine farm, grain look fine, and everyone happy."

* * * * *

"Oh, what is there I can say: I came here, yes, and with very little anything. That is why I had such slow success. Ah is well when you bring with you a lot of money and a lot of equipment. But I did not. Oh, I think if one say, *peg away, peg away*, one say all there is to say. I do not like to talk.

"Yes, there have been hard times, and there have been good. Take last year. I put in 900 acres of wheat. One day there came a hail, the first I ever had in my twenty years. In a few minutes I lost 400 acres of splendid wheat. But I had 500 acres still left. That 500 acres gave me 19,000 bushels of wheat, or more than 36 bushels to the acre. But I had in 1922 my biggest yield—27,000 bushels of wheat from 800 acres, an average of 35 bushels to the acre.

"I came from Yamaska. Yes, ours is an old Quebec family. You are right. We were in Quebec

long before Wolfe capture the Plains of, Abraham. How did you know that? Yes, our family came from old Normandie.

"Little by little, I add one quarter section to another and today, in land, yes, I have perhaps 2,500 acres, but only 2,000 acres real farming land. I have 1,600 acres in wheat."

* * * * *

Jonathan Jewitt! Another name to conjure with among the many pioneers who have helped to make Northern Saskatchewan a beacon light, leading the man of the old land to seek his fortunes in the new world. Shellbrook fields have known him for more than thirty-two years, and he and Mrs. Jewitt have a place near the C.N.R. Big River rails and three-quarters of a mile from town, which is good to look upon, with a home and outbuildings forming a delightfully effective centre-piece.

Thirty-two years ago Mr. Jewitt came to Shellbrook with five dollars in hand plus an immense reserve of courage and resource. It was on April 1, All Fools' Day, 1892, that Mr. Jewitt arrived at Shellbrook, with his five dollars jingling in his jeans, and his face set hard for success. It was a jinx of a day to begin anything or to arrive anywhere, but he had

no qualms. He prospered on the spot, and has continued to prosper ever since.

* * * * *

"My dear sir, Chesley is Chesley. When you have said that you have said a mouthful. The spirit of Chesley is one which embodies grit and grin with lots of good cheer. Now, take Scotty Johnston: He's a canny Scot, and on occasion can work like a nigger. He and his wife have been at Chesley four years. They have 15 acres in wheat, and five more getting ready for 1925. They have ten head of cattle, and in the summer months when he is not very busy on the farm he is fire ranger, with a territory covering twenty-four miles square.

"The Downing brothers. Oh, yes, Dennis and Morty. They have 125 acres ready for crop and 35 head of cattle. They are from Erin, and are staunch Irishmen to boot.

"Then, there is Jim Martin, Joe Rankin and the Waugh brothers. Bob and Lawrence Waugh hail fra' the Orkneys. They have been in the country only two years but they are steam engines for work. They have 20 acres in crop. Joe Rankin is an Airdrieonian. Does that convey anything to you? No, he isn't any football star. But he is a mighty good farmer,

and he has cleared and put in crop 25 acres during the two years he has been at Chesley. Jim Martin is an old Ontario boy. He has been around Chesley for six years. He has 15 acres all in crop.

* * * * *

The hardihood, the bull-doggedness, and the faith of Francis Hodge, pioneer of Eldersley, is fascinating. Mr. Hodge is a Britisher and was reared in the hard school of the British navy. His wife was the first woman settler in the Eldersley district, and shared with her husband all the trials of those early days with a cheerfulness and courage unsurpassed.

In 1905 when Mr. Hodge homesteaded here, the country was just one jungle of forest and undergrowth, and swamp. There were no roads. Where Eldersley station is today, was a stick stuck in the ground beside the track, with an old tomato can on top of it. This was to mark the spot for the train to stop at. This was where your freight was put off, and on either side of you was jungle, thick and dense, and swampy underfoot. And it was at this "stick and can" railway station that Mrs. Hodge coming from Wolverhampton, England, joined her husband in 1906.

And a bear got at the provisions, which were put off the train at the stick and can, and scattered pork chops along the railroad tracks, split a box of shot shells all over the ground, ate up all the soap, but did not touch the meat; and carried a sack of rolled oats into the bush, tore it open with his claw, and left it in disgust.

And the journey "home" began. It was only four miles to the little home, on the homestead which Mr. Hodge had filed on, and where he had prepared for the reception of his wife. But after trying to make the journey it was found to be impossible, and for four months Mr. and Mrs. Hodge had to live in a little shack which they built for themselves by the roadside.

At that time "Murphy's Siding" was the nearest trading point. It was four miles away, and it took a whole day, with oxen, to make the trip. Only oxen were in use in the district. But Mr. Hodge says, "Everybody was happy in those days."

Mr. and Mrs. Hodge have now a fine farm of 320 acres. It consists of the original homestead, plus an adjoining quarter section, obtained as a soldier's grant.

How Mr. Hodge built his house in the early days is quite a story. He had the lumber sawn at Murphy's

Siding, and borrowed the section men's push car at night to bring the lumber to the point indicated by the stick with a tomato can on it. Charlie Scott was with him. They had proceeded quite a distance when a light appeared at Murphy's Crossing—a train was coming. With lightninglike agility they heaved the lumber down the bank and the push car after it. But the train did not come any nearer. It was a light engine which just switched around and finally went back again. So they had to get the push car up the bank and onto the track again, and gather up all the lumber and finish the journey as far as the tomato can.

* * * * *

"Bears?" said John England, of North Paddockwood, as he looked back reminiscently a few years the while he watched the family cat lapping up a good saucer of milk. "I've been here eight years and never seen one."

Mr. England qualified this statement with another. His boys had seen bears often. Mr. and Mrs. Cinnamon and family were no strangers to the community.

John England is perhaps the pioneer of all the settlers in North Paddockwood. His farm is thirty-five miles north of Prince Albert. It is beautifully situated in the heart of great poplar forests. Between

them, John England and his eldest son Henry have cleared, broken and sown in crop 87 acres. Of this, 50 acres is in wheat. Last year their wheat crop averaged 32 bushels to the acre. Mr. England was born in Somerset, and came to Saskatchewan fourteen years ago.

* * * * *

One of the loveliest spots in the forested country north of Paddockwood, toward Bittern lake, is within hail of the Street homestead at North Paddockwood in the heart of the trees and above a little lake nestling within the glades. This lake is part of the Sherratt homestead but the view of its beauties which provides a very strange sense of enchanted rapture is to be had only from the Street homestead. So in this sense the lake belongs to both homesteads. An inquiring mind happened by while en route to the Streets a short while ago, and was startled by the weird hoot of an owl. He looked all over the place as one hoot followed another. Lo and behold! Skimming the waters of the lake were two huge black swans, with white headgear, apparently a newly married couple on their honeymoon. They appeared perfectly comfortable but kept up their hoot-shrieks.

The Streets comprise Mr. and Mrs. H. Street, their daughter Minnie, a fine stalwart girl of fourteen,

and Norman and Albert, the sons. They came from Middlesex, England. Altogether the family has 320 acres of land, seven acres sown in wheat; 72 chickens, and "Jacko the Hawko," a newly fledged hawk.

The Streets have been at North Paddockwood three years. They have a lovely home, and hope to break up 80 acres of land within the next few years. The trees are all big poplars.

A Songster Dear to Westerners Is Brave Little Meadowlark

- ♦ "The cheerless remnant of the snow-drift lies
Along the fields, and there are wintry skies
Whose chilling blasts assail thee, Meadowlark.
I know not how you find subsistence here,
Among the withered herbs of yester-year:
Grieve for your uncertain days—but hark!
♦ I hear your brave note calling, loud and clear "

—Edward R. Ford

A Saskatchewan summer without the song of Meadowlarks is unthinkable. Before warm sunny days have taken the place of the chilling aurs of left-over winter weeks the trim little Meadowlark announces himself home again to his prairie, and with his coming all hearts grow gayer. Such beauty and airiness of song!

Rainbows wrapped around his throat could not lend more brightness of tone. Something of the loveliness of falling water; of the laughter of little children; and of the clear, cool music of morning stars makes up the rapturous strains that are showered daylong upon gladdened ears by this darling of all hearts.

Distinction of form and coloration is the Meadowlark's, but many who know his song are unacquainted with the singer, for his is a modest, retiring soul and he asks no admiration for himself. To keep pure his well of song, and to keep safe his mate and nestlings is all his desire.

The Meadowlark, writes one who knows, commences its housekeeping activities early in May. The site chosen is usually the scene of the major part of the bird's life, in the meadows. Sometimes the nest may be placed in a corn or grain field. It is most likely to be under the over-hanging edge of a clump of grass or weeds and in addition to this concealment, it is frequently provided with a roof or dome, entrance being had at one side. There is usually one, sometimes several, well defined paths extending for several feet from the entrance and instances are recorded of covered passageways from one to several feet in length. Apparently the birds never alight at or directly from the nest (unless suddenly frightened) but walk to and from it a short distance after alighting or before taking flight.

The nests are constructed chiefly of dead grasses with sometimes a little horsehair in the lining. From four to six eggs are laid, white, spotted and speckled with reddish brown.

While nesting, the birds are usually very wary. The male, constantly on guard, warns his mate of the approach of an intruder and she leaves the nest long before the visitor reaches it. The Meadowlark's home is, therefore, difficult to find and even where the birds are abundant the nests are seldom observed.

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[Photo by W. O. Lott, Regina.]

The Saskatchewan Legislative Building, Regina—A beautiful architectural achievement, the fine simplicity and dignity of which is in harmony with its environment, the choice of architects for this compact and stately structure was made after the holding of an international competition and the entire conception was that of men who previsioned the future splendor of the province.

The Leader Publishing Co., Ltd., Regina, Sask.